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Vol. CXXXVII No. 1787 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — APRIL 21 1934

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" Cervantes was embarked in the galley *La Marquesa*, but, owing to a slight illness, he was temporarily relieved of service, and was lying in his cabin dazed by fever, and agonising that he was unable to take part in the battle.

The din of war without incessantly increased his excitement. The harsh commands, the violent explosions, the fragmentary descriptions that reached him at last proved too much.

Cervantes could remain idle no longer. He left his bed. His comrades besought him to rest. Even Francisco San Pietro, the commander of his ship, ordered him to keep under shelter. But his fiery spirit cared nought for orders and less for advice. He buckled on his armour. . . .

Women now began to count for something in his life. Cervantes, in civilian dress, paid court assiduously to the beautiful and noble Dona Catalina, de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. Ever a true artist, he drew from this association not only the pleasures of love, but also the inspiration for his poem ' Galatea.' "

From "OLD TALES RETOLD" by F. MATANIA, R.I.—The Life and Adventures of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

FLASHBACKS OF HISTORY: No. 4. BUDGETS—THEN AND NOW.
ENGLAND'S VANITY FAIR: *by Robert Bernays, M.P.*
"THREE WIVES TALE": *by Barbara Hedworth.*
THE MARCH OF TIME: *by Wilson McCarty.*
"PETER THE MAGNIFICENT": *by James Francis Dwyer.*
HERE COME THE CHORUS: *by Margaret Chute.*
THE SKELETON IN THEIR CUPBOARD: No. 2: ALFRED LOWENSTEIN, *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
'IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN": *by F. E. Verney.*
TRAVELLERS' TALES No. 4: BOXERS GET MY GOAT: *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"VERY PRIVATE SECRETARY": *by Lady Troubridge.*
OLD TALES Re-told:
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". . . There's nothing new in this stuff," Wassermann interrupted.

"It'll be new enough presently," Lakry answered; and went on: "With his observer dead Lak has only himself to consider. He climbs back into the fight. He is shot at right and left, but gradually manœuvres his plane above the red Albatros, who is driving down another Bristol. Lak is not firing: the German ace knows he can't. Securing his position Lak dives straight down on the Albatros. Its pilot treats this as bluff. He does not believe the lamed Bristol intends anything so suicidal as a ram. Lak's machine strikes his wing, breaking it off. The Albatros goes down like a shot pheasant. Lak spirals after it out of control. FADE IN a section of enemy lines.

We see the Albatros a blazing ruin. Lak's plane is near it, wrecked but not destroyed. We see Lak is badly hurt, but conscious. German soldiers haul him out and carry him away on a stretcher."

"But, darn it, this is a war story," Wassermann protested. "Who the hell cares—— "

"It is not a war story," Lakry corrected. "It is Part I of a peace story."

". . . I get you now, Mr. Hounslow," Wassermann grinned. "This is not one of your advance stories. It's an author's hard-luck tale—and it ain't got a tail."

"You are wrong," said Lakry. "It has a tail with a twist that'll . . ."

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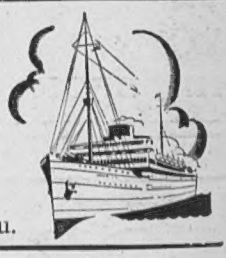

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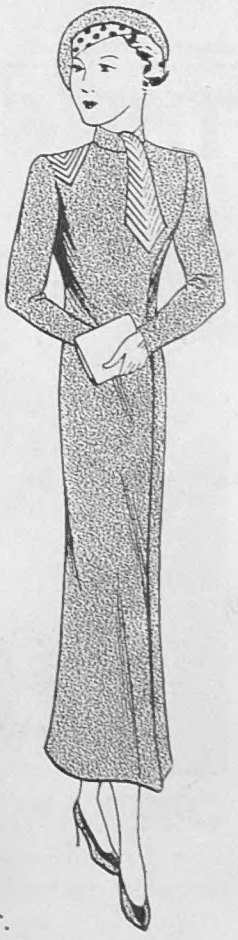

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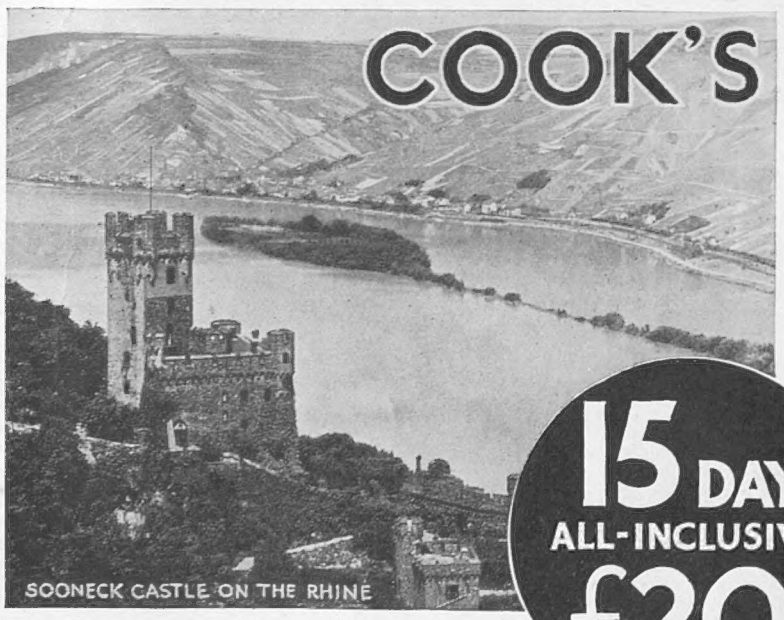

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 21, 1934

THE BETTER TIMES BUDGET

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Leaves with his Wife for the House of Commons

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Neville Chamberlain sallied forth from his house in Eaton Square for the House of Commons to deliver his Budget speech. For a moment he paused with Mrs. Chamberlain to satisfy the demands of the camera men. Later we were to know what the despatch case held. The stop press news was scanned with eagerness—yes, there it was, "Income-tax reduced by sixpence, Salary cuts restored by 50 per cent., and Unemployment Benefits restored on July 1." All these joys came out of the Budget surplus of £29,000,000. Mr. Chamberlain announced that he was budgeting on a sum of £727,200,000 to cover a period in which there was definite promise of revival in many industries. "We have finished the story of *Bleak House* and we are sitting down this afternoon to enjoy the first chapter of *Great Expectations*," he said, ". . . But a word of warning. Our export trade is still far behind what it was only a few years ago"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS! Princess Elizabeth who to-day celebrates her eighth birthday is fast becoming an expert horse-woman. Under the watchful eye of Mr. Owne, the Duke of York's Royal Groom, she indulges in an hour's riding exercise every day in Windsor Great Park

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 18, 1934.

GERALD DU MAURIER.—

George du Maurier's second son will no doubt have his "panel" among the famous sons of Harrow, with her poets and soldiers and bishops and Ministers of the Crown. His career was more or less predestined, and he entered it along the primrose path. But even the primrose path winds uphill and he would never have reached the top without dust and sweat. Some people deny greatness to actors who, whatever part they play, are always themselves. du Maurier was always himself, which implied always a gentleman, though he might be portraying a criminal or a cad. He deserved his high reputation as an artist as he deserved his popularity. He had the great social gifts, humour, humanity, and humility (which in the arts implies an infinite capacity for taking pains). I shall remember him best as Ernest Woolley in *The Admirable Crichton*, a joyful memory of my youth. The part won him a step up and a happy married life. Lady du Maurier was one of Lord Loam's three daughters in that play, and she often played with him later on, notably in *Peter Pan*. What a talented family the du Mauriers are—George, Gerald, Guy, and Daphne in three generations have all delivered the goods in their different lines. The author lives on in his books. The actor lived (until the coming of the films) in the memory of those alive who saw him. But the actor could always in his lifetime estimate the measure of his success. Not so always the author.

SELECTORS AND SELECTED.—

The expected choice of Test Match selectors has been announced. All three have grown old or grey or bald in the service of the great game, and certainly the chairman, a public servant, a man of affairs, and himself one of the best cricketers that ever lived, appreciates that it is after all a game. It is a point which many successful professionals, and amateurs also, whose heads have been turned, have long forgotten, or never realized, and that fact had something to do with Jardine's decision. That, and the fact that he has played cricket non-stop for two years, a thing which no sensible man should do. Cricket is a game, not an international problem, nor dog fight, nor matter of any prime importance. Hundreds of cricketers, amateur critics, and skilled cricket journalists, will lose sight of the fact during the next few months. Here and now I, for one journalist, record my promise that I will not criticize Sir Stanley and his two colleagues; I shall not quarrel with their selections, and I shall not point out to them after the event how different things would have been if they had had the elementary common sense to play Boggles of Blankshire instead of playing Piffles of Pants. I shall enjoy watching and reading about the Tests; but, if the truth be told, I shall not care greatly if England loses a match or two.

THE LONDON LIBRARY.

—It is still rather an expensive business, membership of the London Library. Many a budding author and incorrigible bookworm has turned sadly away from the barrier of entrance fee plus annual subscription. Now the former is to be waived pro. tem. I had the hope that the new additions would bring about a reduced entrance fee and a larger membership. But the benefits are enormous. You can take home your barrow-load of obscure or famous books and hear no more from the Library for months on end. The seed sown by Thomas Carlyle has grown into the mightiest of the trees of knowledge. I forget how many thousand books—almost all of them of some special value—the Library holds. Half-a-million? I know there are between 4,000 and 5,000 members who think the money well spent. It lets them through the magic door into a world where peace, beauty, truth, and wisdom are flowers to be smelled and picked, where merit is not assessed by catcalls, a world of dignity, sanity and right judgment. If you think soberly, you will agree that the library best worth joining is that which houses books which survive the roars of the hucksterers and are still read and recommended when the tumult and the shouting die, in a word when the publisher's advertising allocation is all spent. The raison d'être of all other libraries is very largely snobbery—the idea that one must be "up-to-date" in current literature.

Who can claim to be up-to-date in the world's literature?

TAIL-PIECE TO A LAMENT.—

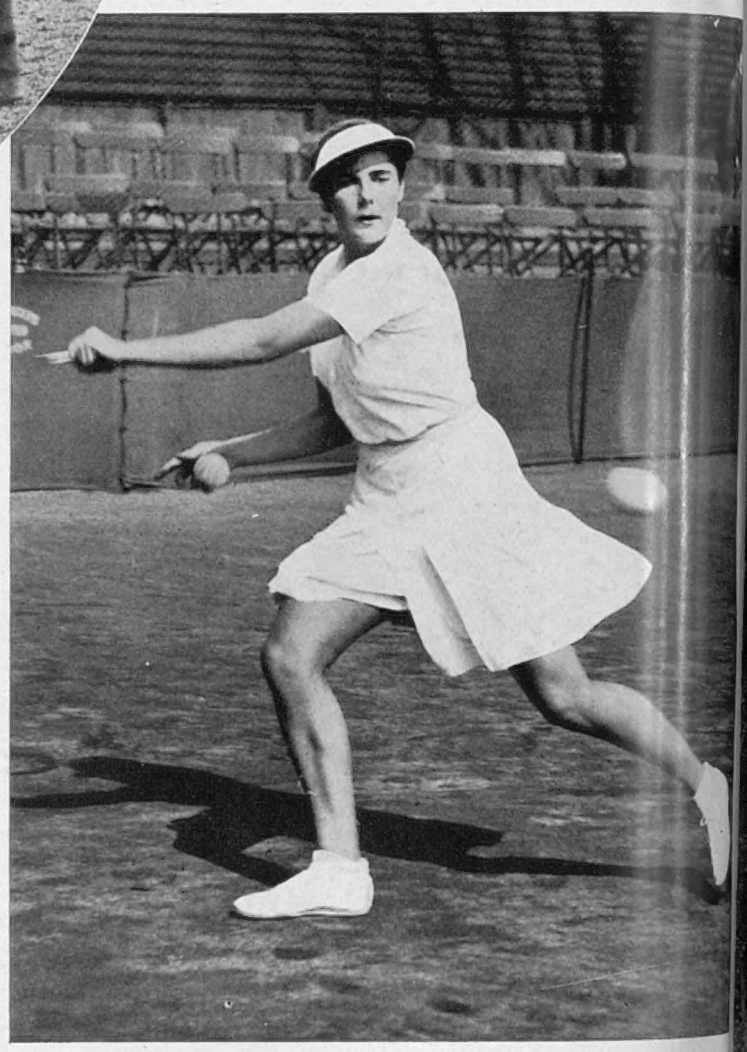
My recent lament for the literary taste of our Age has its tail-piece or coda. East Ham has published the results of an exhaustive inquiry into the reading preferences of its juvenile population. The list of the ten most popular books among boys and girls of eight to fifteen years of age, shows the Victorians—whom the mature judgment of the clever young critics despises—still triumphantly established. Stevenson — that fallen star—is of first magnitude, Lewis Carroll shoulders out Milne, Dickens keeps his place in the list, and those old favourites of a Victorian childhood, *Robinson Crusoe*, Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, *Coral Island*, *Peter Pan*, and even *Little Women*, ay, and the romance of the greenwood, are still facile princeps among the only true critics whose judgment is not warped or vitiated or twisted for effect, whose judgment alone is reliable. What a lesson for our learning! What a light on the rottenness of the literary judgment of our age of brilliant cleverness! For decades the pundits have blown off hot air, and the generation, knocking on the door, has quietly and unconcernedly opened it and the windows, too, and let in the fresh air. They could not deceive a child. The adult Victorian was superior to the adult of our day in this one thing, that he tained the simplicity of a child's m and kept his illusions as he guarded heirlooms. And so, he came unsc to old age, and made a dignified t ness of growing old. But we—we clever enough to deceive ourselves as I ventured to remark, we shall succeed in deceiving our children. reputation in the opinion of Posteri assured. The East Ham judgmen most piquant.

ROAD SAFETY. "PREMIER PAS."—

Mr. Stanl Bill passed its second reading wit serious criticism and with the ge approval of all parties and all individ who are not entirely propelled by ternal combustion. The provision the main seem to me to be good. T hostility of the motorists' associati annoys me. After all, they might rem ber they represent and jingle the mo of careful drivers, many of whom w rather be walking than motoring consequently see both sides. I co mend the reimposition of the sp limit in built-up areas. I comm endorsement of licence even for exc ing the speed limit, and short susp sions on convictions for careless dri This the magistrates advocate commend the driving test, most in the case of heavy goods-v drivers, and that test should severe as the bus drivers'. A strongly commend the colour disc indicate the speed category of com cial vehicles. In a word, the lea the law is likely to be strengthe although every effort will be made often will succeed) to whittle it do

THE ULTIMATE CURE.

But first and last, on what does im ment depend? On the sense public? I doubt it. Propaganda failed lamentably hitherto. First last, it depends on the ability of the police to detect and bring o to justice. And hitherto the police many reasons, have utterly failed with their enormous responsibili the new Code is to produce a re provement, the police campaign planned on a scale hitherto undre of. Patrols must be quadrup only for short periods, recurr



A HARBINGER OF SUMMER: A moving impression of Miss K. Stammers during winning game with Miss E. Harvey at the recent Surrey Hard Court Champ ships at Roehampton. The ball is going to have a terrific spin

unnotified intervals. Magistrates must sit twice as often. At long last, Government, police, and judiciary must combine to convince all road users that this time and finally the Road Code is not an unpractical ideal, an empty treasury of words, *vox et præterea nihil*, but a Law to be obeyed and enforced with stern penalties. The Minister of Transport alone can do nothing. He must be one in determination with the Home Secretary and the Lord Chancellor. If the police alone cannot do their part, then for the sake of humanity let us break new ground and venture on something new. Let us enrol as special patrols, invested with plenary powers, every magistrate in the country on his lawful occasions; let us supply him with a badge of identity and invest him with the power to hold up and bring to book all offenders in his purview. The Road Codes hitherto have made a laughing stock of Governments and proved the law to be a H'ass of the first water.

"GORDON DAVIOT" AGAIN.—Gordon Daviot, the young lady from Inverness, has registered another stage success, though the critics are doubtful as to the proportions of responsibility for the flattering reception of *The Laughing Woman* to be allotted to author, producers, and actors. The author's methods are novel in their simplicity—*Richard of Bordeaux* on that very ground puzzled the critics. The history text-book was accurately followed, a play resulted, not very convincing to read, and all seemed to depend on how the chosen cast interpreted their parts. One actor might make a success, another a lamentable failure. One cast might produce a play utterly unrecognizable beside the production of another cast, unrecognizable to the author as the work of her brain. So it seemed to the critics—here was a playwright whose plays stood or fell solely on their interpretation. But I suspect that that kind of ingenuous simplicity is founded on a great deal of stagecraft and dramatic sense. *The Laughing Woman* confirms my view. The story is taken from real life and has no need of embroidery. It might be boring enough to read. It might be boring enough played by stars whose first concern is to get their own accepted personalities across. But—whether it was the sound judgment of managers, producer, or author, and in what proportion, I know not—the play was handed over, to succeed or fail, to two "unknown" actors whose cosmos is not yet all Ego, but a thing called Art. And those two, Stephen Haggard and Veronica Turleigh, wrote a fine play from Gordon Daviot's notes and hints. Unless, of course, Miss "Daviot" is not so simple as she is willing to appear. Shakespeare produces, to simple minds like mine, speculations of the same kind.

I.C.I.'S GAME RESEARCH.—It comes as a surprise to me that for a year-and-a-half Imperial Chemicals have been making careful research into the science of game preservation. A pleasant surprise, because shooting is my favourite sport and because, I.C.I. being primarily interested in the sale of cartridges, the venture is a heartening instance of far-sighted commercial initiative. The lore of game-keeping handed down through generations of sport-loving squires and their hereditary keepers, has not only lost its virtue with the break-up of estates and the coming of syndicates, but it needed bringing up to date in the face of new methods of agriculture and new social conditions. Mechanization, draining, conversion of ploughs to pasture, housing development, and motor cars, all these factors have played Old Harry with the well-worn methods of preserving and rearing game. I.C.I. have to-day an organization capable of answering all a game preserver's problems. Their methods with the partridge in particular appear to be novel and up to date. Squires, syndicate chiefs, and head keepers all over the country should take note of I.C.I.'s advisory service (address Major H. G. Eley, I.C.I., Millbank, S.W. 1). It seems to me that the smallest interests, as well as the largest, will obtain a good deal for nothing if they set inquiries on foot. The pamphlets I have seen dealt with partridges—winter feeding, grit, etc, nesting sites, and importation of Hungarians. In all I found much to interest even the amateur. Others no doubt deal with pheasants and vermin and other vital problems.

STOP GAMBLING AND ENCOURAGE THRIFT.—(1) The ordinary small salary — or wages — man has little or no inducement to invest the small sums he can occasionally spare.

(2) The interest in any case would be too small to appeal.

(3) His only hope is to net a large sum by gambling either on dogs, horses, or sweepstakes *and life without hope is a drab affair.*

(4) If these three facts are accepted, then I would suggest a scheme which would: (a) Encourage thrift; (b) Eliminate gambling; (c) Give hope of a substantial prize.

(5) I would issue say at all Post Offices tickets each numbered (in duplicate) value 10s.

(6) After six months these would be available for participation in the half-yearly draw.

(7) At any time the value of ticket would be refunded at Post Office.

(8) The interest say at maximum 3 per cent. would be split up into prizes from £5,000 downwards.

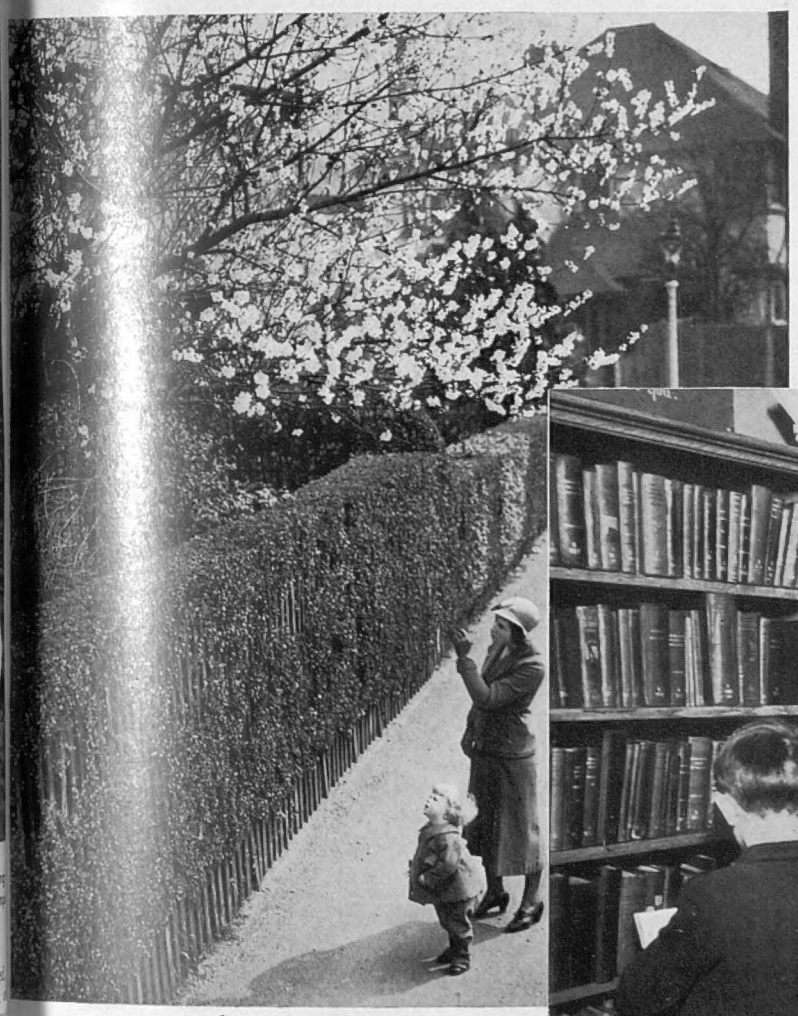
The above paragraph is not my writing nor a statement of my ideas. It is submitted by a correspondent.

FIREARMS AND RODEOS.—Two private members' Bills made substantial progress last week. The Firearms Act (1920) Amendment Bill passed its third reading; Sir R. Gower's "Rodeo" Bill its second. The first in effect raises the age at which persons can possess firearms from fourteen to seventeen years, the second puts a stopper on "rodeo" performances in this country. Neither Bill, both of which are significant examples of the curtailment of personal liberty—that empty boast of our free country—was obstructed by any serious opposition. Indeed, all parties in the House joined in giving to them free passage and a blessing. Both will shortly become law, subject to non-contentious adjustments. They stand as examples of the way in which all sane men in this country do and must continually agree to waive our dearest privilege to combat the constant efforts of individuals, more commercially minded than patriotic, to endanger life or to outrage decency and taste. Much of the paternal legislation which appears so tiresome and fussy, half the measures which curtail our personal liberty and add so enormously to our clerical labours in the ordinary activities of daily life, can be charged to the efforts of a greedy minority to exploit the curiosity of Youth and the slumbering savageness that lies hid in the composition of civilized man.

MR. CHURCHILL'S CHARGES.—Before Mr. Churchill's charges against Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Derby are investigated by the Committee of Privileges, this issue of THE SPHERE will be in print. The dropping of the bomb was Monday's sensation. In these rare cases, the Speaker's functions differ from those of the now defunct Grand Jury. The latter would hear enough of the evidence to decide whether a prima facie case for trial had been made out. But the Speaker must rely on the word of the member raising the question as to whether he is in possession of evidence warranting an investigation. Mr. Churchill convinced the Speaker. Lord Derby's position "in another place" makes it at the moment uncertain whether the Committee can investigate his conduct, as undoubtedly it can investigate Sir Samuel's. Mare's-nest or gross irregularity? Time will show. The matter is sub judice. I prophesy Bathos.

THE BUDGET.—So now you know your fate—the worst and the best. It might be worse, it might be better. There are so many interests involved, and modern budgets are merely nice compromises. The Chancellor has to think a lot; even the question of votes enters a little into the consideration of the most conscientious of statesmen financiers. We will defer consideration of details until the tumult has died down and the first speeches have been digested. The inspired forecasts of the united Press leave no surprises for the Chancellor, but no single paper can claim the honour of perfect prophecy. Has Mr. Chamberlain succeeded in insinuating one single "outsider" into his winners-list? Were the nappers caught napping? I am considering the question.

THE OLD STAGER.

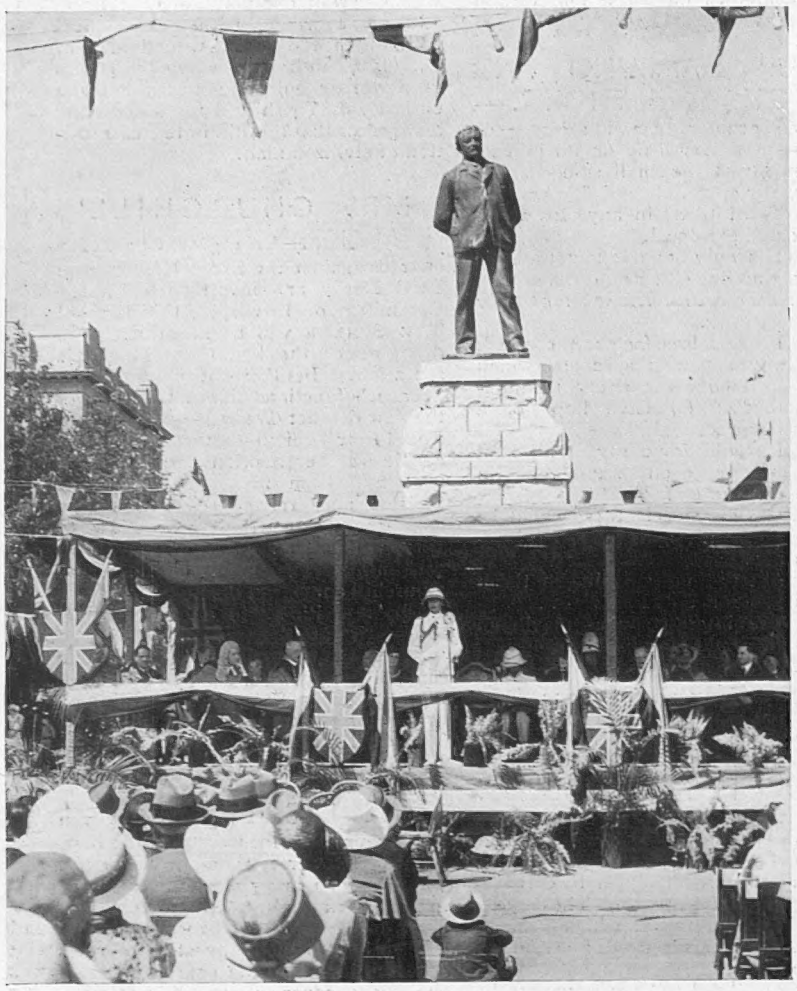


"UNDER THE BLOSSOM THAT HANGS ON THE BOUGH": Almond blossom is out in many suburban gardens lending that welcome touch of colour which heralds the approach of summer

JUVENILES LOVE THE VICTORIANS: Children selecting their books at the East Ham Public Library, where a recent inquiry into children's tastes in literature reveals the fact that they prefer *Treasure Island, Peter Pan, Little Women, Alice in Wonderland,* and the novels of Dickens to the too-clever modernists who have over-indulged in "Nonsense"

A NEW EMPIRE CAPITAL

The Site Visited by Prince George



Above—BENEATH THE STATUE OF CECIL RHODES: In brilliant sunshine Prince George replied from a flag-decked rostrum to an address of welcome on arrival at Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia. *On right*—Prince George inspects Lusaka, the site chosen for the new and more central capital of Northern Rhodesia. Livingstone, the present capital, is in the extreme south, and four-fifths of the white population live north of the Kafue River. Prince George is seen with the Governor, Sir Hubert Young (centre), and the architect, Mr. Hoogterpt

PRINCE GEORGE SEES THE ZAMBEZI IN FLOOD AT VICTORIA FALLS: Although drenched to the skin by the spray the Prince spent many hours viewing the mighty falls and exploring the Rain Forest. The Zambezi is now at the flood period, and it is estimated that 100,000,000 gallons of water flow over the falls every minute. The great cloud of spray which rises from the falls is known to the natives as "Mosi-oa-tunya" (the smoke that sounds). Major Alexander is pointing out to Prince George features of the Devil's Cataract

ROUND OF THE DAY

Royal Academy : Relics : G.P.O.

HANGING DAY: The scene in Burlington House where, under the skilled direction of members of the Hanging Committee, the canvases chosen by the Selection Committee are now being hung either "on the line" or "skied"

A JAW-BONE EVEN SAMSON COULD NOT WIELD! A gigantic relic of a gigantic beast of the Jurassic age, believed to be a brontosaurus. It weighs 102 lb. It is seen in the hands of Mr. W. Taylor of Maidenhead, near whose tavern it was found. By his side lie the leg bones, which weigh 60 lb. each

INAUGURATION: The first meeting of the Post Office Board held on Tuesday at the G.P.O. The Postmaster-General, Sir Kingsley Wood (right, in glasses) presided, and the Director-General of the Post Office, Mr. T. M. Banks, and other high officials of the service were also present

OUR OWN PARTICULAR CHANCELLOR: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, on whom all eyes have been turned during this Budget week, pictured during conversation with Lord Burghley recently

OUR OWN PARTICULAR BUDGET : Tax Relief which Sets the Vital Wealth-Producing Factors of the Nation Moving is the Real Task of all Chancellors who Seek to Solve the Problem of Unemployment

The surplus is the high light in the Budget scene. It is a dramatic demonstration of the way in which the British nation can pull out of a tight financial corner when it really makes up its mind to action. But this is only one year's Budget, and the good of one year can easily be undone in another. If it is still as important as ever to "take the short view, but plan long" (to borrow a useful Norman phrase), the necessity for planning long is stronger than ever now that the tide has definitely turned, and Britain faces new adventures in a largely unfamiliar world in which the competitive pace grows continually hotter. The great task of Chancellors in the new phase that is opening will be, not to distribute a surplus with a nice sense of balance as between political and economic considerations, but so to frame Budgets as to foster the wealth-producing elements, and to enlarge thereby the national income.

What needs to be done to maintain and advance Britain's place in the family of nations cannot be done on a national income of anything like the present size. Budgets of even the present restricted (if still huge) size cannot be supported interminably on the base of direct taxation at a penal level. It seems that the time is coming when risks must be taken in order to stimulate energy and enterprise, by which alone the British Isles and the Empire can make money, and live, and plan, and hope for better things.

A whole shilling off the income-tax would be sound long-term planning; it would lift brakes and release tremendous constructive forces. This is a motorized age, and the soil of its possibilities has only been scratched. Yet progress here is hampered, for opportunist and emergency reasons (the urgent need of Chancellors to get money quickly, easily, and in quantity, for political reasons largely), by a petrol tax fixed at 250 per cent. of its own value.

Then there is the item of the communications controlled by the Post Office. Telegrams, telephones, and the mails, are still far too high. A telephone should be made so cheap that it would be a fixture and a service in every home where the income is, say, £3 or more a week. Telegrams should be cheapened and popularized, instead of being so dear that most people regard them as an extravagance, rather like taking a taxi. And the penny post should be restored.

If Japan, France, Italy, Germany, and America, continue to subsidize their merchant shipping, the British mercantile marine will need State money. Britain's sea roads are as vital to her as her insular land roads—and the latter have had hundreds of millions of public money, mainly for political reasons connected with work-finding. Larger sums are needed for a much more dynamic civil air development policy.

One could prolong the list (and perhaps suggest that some of this money might be found by cutting off a beet sugar subsidy which has already cost the nation 38 million pounds). But it all spells one thing: a larger national income to bear without strain the constructive demands of the State, as opposed to those requirements which are purely palliative and designed to prevent riots, strikes, discontents, Left extremism, the clash of reactionary movements. This larger income can only be attained through (a) wise and resolute action in the international sphere, and (b) a relaxation of the brakes which discourage or hinder the making of money by private enterprise in internal and international competition.

Post-War financial history has convincingly proved that increasing direct taxation, which bears most heavily on productive business, and on the most energetic and enterprising elements of the population, may serve a crisis purpose, and always pleases the soak-the-rich school; but in the long run it only smothers the goose which lays the golden eggs. Chancellor Snowden in 1930 and 1931 sought to solve his problem by increasing taxation rather than by curbing expenditure. By the summer of '31 that policy had so far failed that Britain faced a deficit of 170 million pounds (on the Chancellor's own estimate). How that prospective deficit was turned into a small surplus—and incidentally Britain was saved from financial collapse, and her credit improved from a five to a three per cent. basis—is not only national, but world history.

Glancing more closely at this controversial subject of direct taxation, we may observe that in the four years 1926–30, when the standard rate of income tax was 4s. in the pound, the tax yield ranged from a lowest of 234·7 million pounds to a highest of 250·6 million pounds. The yield for 1933–34, with the rate a whole shilling higher, is only 228·9 million pounds.

But there are signs that age-old wisdom is slowly triumphing over the opportunist and predatory politics characteristic of the miscalled democracy of the first post-war era, when all political parties vied with one another in debauching the electorate with bribes. The 1913–14 apportionment of taxation between direct and indirect taxes (I take my figures from *The Economist* tables) was: direct, 47·9 per cent., indirect, 52·1 per cent. of the total. This was probably the wrong way about. Direct taxes should have borne the larger burden. However, after the War the balance swung violently in the opposite direction, and in 1924–25 direct taxes were saddled with 62·7 per cent. of the total, while indirect taxes contributed only 37·3 per cent. Roughly, this proportion stayed until 1932–33, when a healthier balance was struck, at 57·8 per cent. direct and 42·2 per cent. indirect. The 1933–34 figures are even healthier, at 56·4 per cent. and 43·6 per cent. Probably we shall not get a really sound basis until every citizen—instead of only about three millions—contributes directly, even if it only be so much as a penny a week, to the revenues of the State; and thereby is made conscious of having a direct interest in the volume of the public expenditure.

Meantime, while congratulating ourselves on having rehabilitated the national finances, and restored confidence in them to a point where a great conversion operation has saved the State 80·3 million pounds annually in the cost of servicing the National Debt, it does not do to forget that the improvement is mainly a pull up from a thoroughly bad position into which the country had sunk over a period of years, a position due to debt, an over-valued pound, an open market, predatory politics, and a few other things. The chief improvement is in the home market, Britain's exports of manufactured goods having increased only 3 per cent. When Mr. Peek, Roosevelt's special foreign trade adviser, says that Britain has wrested supremacy in world export trade from America (which, as a direct result of the War, wrested it from Britain twenty years ago), he only means that Britain has overtaken a world champion who is running just now at one-fourth his usual speed, U.S. exports having dropped 75 per cent. since 1929. Britain will not regain real prosperity by being first in a world whose follies have reduced international trade to half the value of 1929 (one-third in gold terms).

The best thing that could possibly happen, for Britain and her national accounts and social problems, would be the stabilizing of currencies, by harmonious decisions between the chief commercial countries with respect to the value of their currencies in gold terms, and therefore in terms of each other. This stabilizing of currencies, when it comes, will have much the same effect in the international sphere as the rehabilitation of the British finances has had in the national sphere. It will restore confidence and encourage enterprise. A new era of expansion will open; and if Britain does not revert to sloppy politics and loose living, and can "follow through," she will regain all her lost wealth and achieve a higher living standard than any she has so far known.

C. Patrick Thompson

MR. ROOSEVELT'S RETURN : Back from his Holiday, the President has many Stock Exchange and Other Monetary Matters of Urgency to Settle. What will be the Effect on his Devalued Dollar?

President Roosevelt devalued the U.S. dollar by 41 per cent. It takes 35 dollars to buy an ounce of gold instead of the previous 21 dollars. One of the results of this devaluation was a profit of some 3,000,000,000 dollars from the increased dollar value of the very large stocks of gold in the United States.

Now all this seemed a very simple way of adding to the country's wealth. Why was it not done before? Why have not other countries done likewise and similarly enjoyed the benefits of easy money?

It is certain, of course, that wealth cannot be increased by word of mouth alone. A piece of gold that for many years has been called 21 dollars is no more valuable because it is henceforth to be called 35 dollars, or even if it were to be called 35,000 dollars.

Then why did Mr. Roosevelt make the change?

This deliberate devaluation of the dollar was the latest step in the President's vigorous and unorthodox campaign to effect an improvement in conditions in his country. His policy, in short, has been to have a cheaper dollar which would buy, not only fewer pounds or francs, but also fewer goods in the United States. That is, a stupendous effort is being made to force up prices, in the hope that the advantage to the gainers will greatly outweigh the disadvantage to the sufferers.

To appreciate the present position it is necessary to look back over the financial history of the past twenty years. In pre-war days any suggestion that the dollar's gold value could be altered would have been received with derisive laughter. The gold standard reigned supreme, and its few critics were regarded as fanatics or cranks.

Broadly speaking, the pre-war gold standard ensured that prices were more or less the same all over the world. Gold was international money, and it flowed from country to country, buying in the cheapest markets, thus tending to stabilize prices.

In the early post-war years the currencies of Europe danced about as though possessed of devils. Inflation, which during the War had been kept under some control, now ran riot all over the Continent. Money, turned out by the printing press in almost unlimited quantities, lost nearly all its value. Prices rose, and trade, artificially stimulated with the extra supplies of money, boomed. This inflation had the effect of benefiting the producer as the ever-rising prices ensured him a profit. Creditors suffered, as they were paid in depreciated currency, but debtors correspondingly gained.

Calm followed the storm and currencies, one by one, became stable, but at varying fractions of their old values. The German mark, for instance, disappeared, and a new mark had to be established. The French franc was stabilized at about one-fifth, and the Italian lira at about one-fourth of the old values. England, however, restored the gold value of the £ to the full pre-War parity.

The gold standard was generally re-adopted and the world seemed to be returning to normal.

It was soon realized, however, that the restoration of the gold standard had not brought lasting prosperity. Instead, the world found itself being overcome with a kind of economic sleepy sickness. After a few years depression settled over almost every country. Prices fell, production declined, foreign trade dwindled, and unemployment rose. These conditions were almost world-wide, but the action was more delayed in some countries than in others.

At one time it seemed as though the United States was to be spared and that her prosperity was perpetual. Her turn came, however, and she was swept with the full fury of the economic blizzard.

Then suddenly in 1931 England was driven off the gold standard and her example has been widely followed. The "gold" countries can now be counted on the fingers.

Orthodox opinion is that recovery can only come from a revival of prices throughout the world, and that the benefits of a rise in any one country alone would be off-set, as far as that country is concerned, by a decline in its export trade, owing to the higher prices asked.

President Roosevelt, however, determined to

(Continued on p. 122)

MR. ROOSEVELT engages the atte[n]tion of the City almost as mu[ch] as Mr. Chamberlain, so closely [are] financial affairs react nowadays

MATTERS MARITIME

IN READINESS FOR THE SUMMER TRAFFIC: The Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's new 2,000-ton luxury cruiser, *Mona's Queen*, which was recently launched at Messrs. Cammell Laird's shipyard, Birkenhead. The long lines on the hull are permanent wood and steel fenders, with which the vessel is well provided

THE NEW SLOOP, "LOWESTOFT," going down the slip-way on being launched by Mrs. Henderson, wife of Vice-Admiral R. G. H. Henderson, at Devonport Dockyard. There is thus brought back into the Navy a ship-name with Nelsonic associations; Nelson sailed to the West Indies in the frigate *Lowestoft* in 1777

THE NEW DOCK AT CHERBOURG: For the first time the liner, *Bremen*, docked at Cherbourg last Saturday in the new port specially built to accommodate these transatlantic giants. Previously liners had to anchor outside the port and passengers were transferred by lighters

A NAUTICAL ILLUSION: Not a wreck, but a striking picture of a trawler in the trough of a huge wave whilst another trawler passes by. The vessels are leaving Aberdeen Harbour for the fishing grounds and it appears as if one is sinking while the other is standing by to give assistance

HAPPENINGS AT HOME

THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER LAUNCHED AT GOSPORT: Great popular interest was shown in the launching of Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's centre-board, steel-built cutter-yacht, which is to compete for the famous cup. This, the fifteenth challenger, has been built at Camper and Nicolson's yard

THE HOTTEST APRIL DAY FOR FORTY YEARS: Sunday crowds basked in the sudden outburst of unusual heat, after a cloudy, blustering Saturday. Brighton's West Pier was crowded like this, the visitors sitting in rows. Many who enjoyed the morning sunshine felt very limp in the evening, but that is one of the little tricks of the spring

SCOTLAND SWARMS INTO LONDON: Feathered and be-thistled tam-o'-shanters streamed into London from thirty-two L.N.E.R. specials for the Wembley International Soccer match. Scotland failed to score

THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES assembly at St. Martin-in-the-Fields was another scene in the bursting sunshine of Sunday. Their banner bore the words, "God, King, and Country." A special service was broadcast from this famous church

CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES

An Exhibition at Chesterfield House in Aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind — Pictures, Dolls, Toys, and Costumes of Many Periods

DOLL OF 1850: A feature of this exhibition is the Doll Section, which includes pieces dating from 2,000 B.C. This example has a dress of white net trimmed with ribbon

THE BOY MONARCH: A portrait of Edward VI attributed to Guillim Stretes, who is believed to have been a pupil of Holbein. He painted several portraits of the king, many of which were sent to English ambassadors

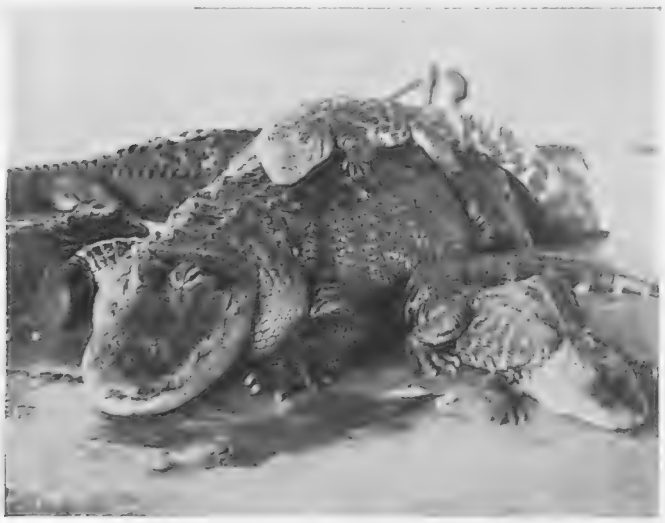
PORTRAITS OF THE CHILDREN OF JOHN HOPPNER, R.A., engraved in mezzotint by James Ward and published in 1800. Ward was born in 1769 and was at one time painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales

"JUVENILE RETIREMENT": Portraits of the children of the Hon. John Douglas and Frances, eldest daughter of Lord Harewood. This is another engraving in mezzotint by James Ward. The artist was elected an Academician in 1811

CLAIMED TO BE THE OLDEST KNOWN SPECIMEN OF ITS KIND: The crocodile which was discovered by Dr. Barnum Brown of the American Museum of Natural History and which he has restored to its life-time likeness. It is many millions of years old

A PREHISTORIC CROCODILE

A Remarkable Skeleton Unearthed in the Painted Desert, Arizona



MOTHER AND YOUNG: Crocodiles in the Antwerp Zoo

After a sleep of some millions of years under the rocks of the Painted Desert of Arizona, the skeleton of a prehistoric crocodile was discovered in 1931 by Dr. Barnum Brown, Curator of Fossil Reptiles of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, one of the world's greatest hunters of dinosaurs and prehistoric monsters.

Through the magic of modern science this ancient forbear of the crocodile has now been restored to its exact lifetime likeness and has been placed on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History. It is believed to be the oldest specimen of its kind.

This new member of the museum's prehistoric groups has made its entry into the Hall of Dinosaurs in the form of a triple exhibit. One exhibit shows both sides of the actual skeleton. The second is a cast of the skeleton, restored and articulated. Forming the third exhibit is a model of the prehistoric beast as it appeared in actual life.

It is estimated that this forerunner of the crocodile was considerably smaller than the kind we know to-day. It measured only 32 in. from tail to snout.

In the opinion of Dr. Barnum Brown, who made the discovery, the small crocodile which has been reconstructed in the museum is one of the most important "finds" made during his forty years as a hunter of fossil skeletons in all parts of the world.

He says that it is the only prehistoric skeleton he has ever found that has enabled him to reconstruct with accuracy the exact proportions of the animal. The fact that the skeleton, with three similar remains, was found in Arizona provides fresh proof that this part of America was in the distant past a tropical swamp.

Although Dr. Barnum Brown found the skeleton in 1931, the complete story of its discovery has not been told until now.

"I went to Arizona," said Dr. Brown, "to investigate reports that dinosaur tracks had been found in the rocks of the Triassic Age. This was important because fossils of any kind are extremely scarce in that formation.

"I established headquarters with Hubert Richardson, an Indian trader on the Navajo Reservation at Cameron, and set to work. I found many tracks but no bones in this particular series of rocks.

"My search aroused interest among the Indians, and as things turned out this interest later bore splendid fruit.

"One day during the next winter an Indian came to the trading post with some fossilized bones. He thought that they might be part of a dinosaur.

"They were sent to me at the Museum; it was immediately evident they were crocodile bones. In 1932 I again visited Cameron and with Mr. Richardson I went to the scene of the discovery.

"Here within an area of 20 ft. we found parts of four crocodile skeletons, three of which had been badly destroyed by weather. Luckily the fourth, the one now exhibited, was in perfect condition.

"In fact the bones were so well preserved that every part of the structure could be definitely established.

"In most restorations there is room for speculation and argument, but in this case there is no possibility of either, which means that this particular animal is one of the most satisfactory discoveries that has come within my range of observation.

"This miniature reptile qualifies as an ancestor of the modern crocodile, although in some respects, such as the character of the skull, it differs from living representatives.

"It is impossible to say just how long this type persisted in this form. It is a new and important milestone along the road science is trying to project into a period of which we know very little.

"I am conservative when I say that the skeleton helps us to classify the geological periods in America with more definiteness and link them with similar periods in other parts of the world.

"As for the beast itself, it was carnivorous and lived in and near the water like the crocodile of to-day, though the land in which it was found is now a desert.

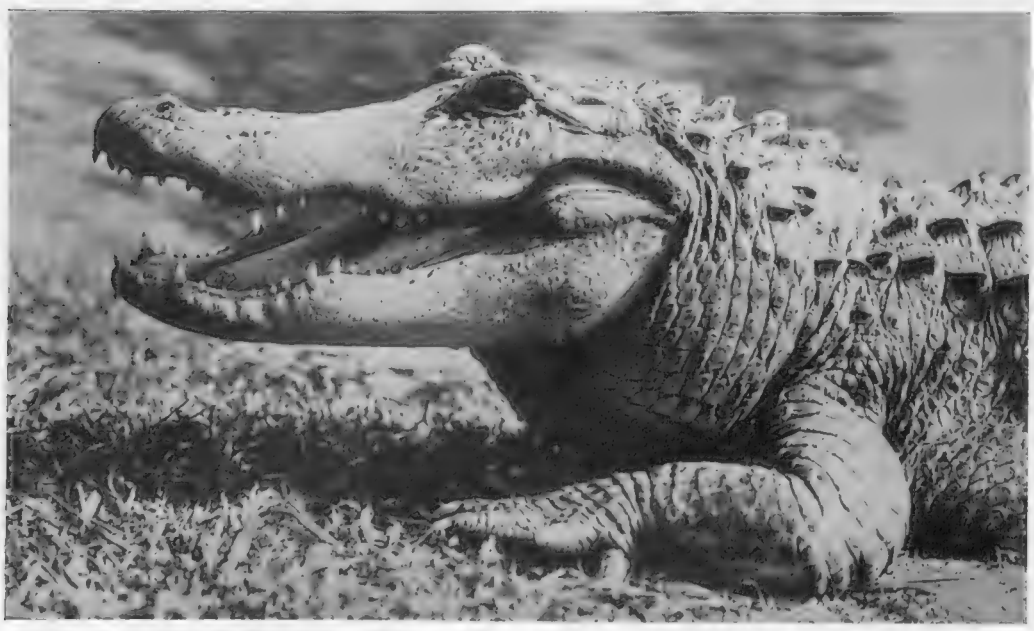
"In every way this animal fulfils the requirements which we should expect of a member of the direct line terminating in the crocodile and alligator, and represents a stage through which even earlier types must have passed to reach their zenith before extinction. The skeleton solves certain problems of structure which have long been under discussion by scientists, and forms a sort of missing link between the crocodile and other possible ancestors.

"In preparing the model the skeleton was separated from the rock in which it had rested for millions of years. A mould of each side was then made with a plastic compound, and from this another cast was made in beeswax, the two sides being joined to make a perfect skeleton.

"This was set up as if the animal were in a standing position. Bones which had been crushed out of alignment were properly placed, broken ones were made perfect, and missing ones reconstructed by comparison with similar parts of the living descendant where the structure was identical.

"A cast of the beeswax was next made in plaster and jute, and over this the muscular part of the body was modelled by comparison with the present-day crocodile."

C. H. D.



Left—THE SMILING ALLIGATOR: A fine specimen in St. Louis Zoo, Missouri

EARLY PRINTS OF PRIZE CATTLE

An Interesting Exhibition at Walker's Galleries

"A SCENE AT WISETON": Lord Spencer with his stewards, a herdsman, and a prize bull. A coloured lithograph by W. H. Simmons, from a painting by Richard Ansdell, which is now being shown at the exhibition of old prints and paintings of cattle, sheep, pigs, etc., at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street

A PEARL AMONG SWINE: An old-fashioned Chinese-bred black pig painted by J. Clark, senr. At the end of the eighteenth and during the first half of the nineteenth centuries, breeders secured a market for their stock by commissioning artists to do paintings and engravings of their finest specimens

"OLD-FASHIONED LONGHORN OX": This was the breed selected by Charles Bakewell for his first efforts to improve English cattle in the later years of the eighteenth century. Its popularity declined immediately after Bakewell's death when it was superseded by the shorthorn

"THE DURHAM OX": This animal was the property of Mr. John Day of Harmston, near Lincoln. The original picture, which is also on exhibition, was painted by J. Boultbee and the engraving was the work of J. Whessell

"THE LINCOLNSHIRE OX": A coloured stipple engraving by G. T. Stubbs. According to the inscription beneath the picture, "this uncommon animal was fed without oil cake by Mr. John Gibbons of Long Sutton in the County of Lincoln, and was carry'd to London in a Machine, Feby 1790, when he was exhibited by permission of His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester at his Riding House in Hyde Park and then remov'd to the Lyceum in the Strand." It is dated January 20, 1798

"KEEPERS STALKING THE WILD CATTLE IN CHILLINGHAM PARK, NORTHUMBERLAND": When the contents of Chillingham Castle were sold last year it was feared that this famous white herd might have to be broken up. The Zoological Society, however, saved the situation by taking a seven years' lease of the park

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THE FATEFU

BY FERDA

FOUND IN LONDON: Some of Stavisky's jewels which were recently discovered at a Victoria Street jeweller's

WHERE STAVISKY IS BURIED: The family vault in Père Lachaise cemet

A century-and-a-half ago the Queen's Necklace set in motion that wave of indignation and anger which was finally to mount into the tidal wave of the French Revolution and the end, on the Place de Grève, of poor, innocent Marie-Antoinette, victim of the Lamotte couple, of the Cardinal and others, liars, bluffers, forgers, the lot of them. Innocents are hardly scattered so as you'd exactly notice them in Paris to-day; beyond that it really is not stretching the long bow to link in the mind's eye these bygone jewels of destiny and their sequel with the Stavisky jewels of Bayonne and Orléans and *their* conceivable sequel. In each case the brilliants only served to illuminate flashingly the fissures of a régime. But will what happened then happen again now? That is what we are all asking in Paris as a fateful summer opens. Last night I sat long outside on the boulevard with the *patron* of my hotel, a hard-headed Auvergne peasant and wound pensioner. There would be no revolution. They, the ex-soldiers, were going to make their sacrifice, and as for the fonctionnaires, the whole country was against them. It was impermissible that State servants should menace the State and as good as dictate to the tax-payers who kept them. "The worst here is the fearful waste. If we could only do what you did in England! Mais voilà!—there are too many conflicting interests. Naturally if the commerce does not march again, it will be grave . . ."

I then crossed to "my" café at the corner of Vaugirard and Maine and wrung the hand of its just-missed-the-war owner.

"Et alors? A quand la Révolution?"

"Attendez bien! Ça viendra!"

I had no intention of trying to strike a prophetic mien between these two diametrically opposed views. They represent France to-day. Or, rather, it is far more confused than that. A dozen different currents intertwine. The effort here shall be the not-too-easy one of presenting you with the essentials of this whole stunning national feuilleton that could quite easily in the last analysis be pregnant of European consequences affecting us all. "Not-too-easy" inasmuch as no "story" that I can think of ever demanded more to be examined dually, from England and from France, than this one. If the Stavisky case had occurred in England, in full as here, we should by now have seriously incommoded if not burnt Scotland Yard, the Inner Temple, Fleet Street, and Whitehall, progressively as white-hot anger flooded the chill Anglo-Saxon breast. For the past three months this country, France, has been treated like children who are told to go and stand in the corner and shut up. Breath-taking behaviour has exuded from Bench and Bar, from Press and Police, from Politicians and Civil Service; the French public has been spoon-fed with drivel and fake, with trickery, lies, suppression, falsification, evasion, invention, deceit, dope of an unimaginable impudence, enabling people in charge of the people to cover themselves. I should not care to treat the minds of Eskimos as French public intelligence has been dealt with in these recent times. But so far they've only burnt a motor omnibus. So therefore I, from England, have got to quieten down while writing this story, affecting France. Odd, is it not? There's been complete collapse of respect for Justice and Police (far more so than for the deputies), and for the bulk of the Paris Press, but so far only a motor omnibus!

In clarity's sweet cause, let us proceed under four heads: the Case; its Likely Course; Forces Aligning; Will they Clash?

The central point of departure is that Stavisky was enslaved, as chronic gambler, to the clubs and "cercles" and "tripots" of Paris, and to the green baize of more fashionable places farther afield. Examination of those cheque stubs of his shows that the largest amounts went to pay his baccarat debts—he sometimes was down a million francs in a day. "Le Beau Alexandre" was the admired and envied one of that hectic Tout Paris which affected Deauville and Cannes and Biarritz and La Baule in the heyday of the franc (memory: of a female lighting a cigarette with a 100-franc note at the first-named in 1928). Stavisky was a child par excellence of the frenzied after-War which craved only notes between its fingers. Eternally he needed money, money, to cut a dash in that society, to gamble, to pay his hangers-on, and to entertain and be seen with bigger fry, not to mention the necessity of subsidizing alleged journalist creatures who could either support or expose him in their low sheets. (Over a score of this crowd that Stavisky kept were recently transferred from Bayonne's "Maison du Chagrin" to the Santé Prison.) For, early on, le beau Alexandre had manipulated the cards at Cannes, as he had also fallen foul of the law on a £30,000 fraud charge—the case that was postponed nineteen times during five years, permitting the arch-swindler to stage his master coup.

Some day or night Stavisky's doubtless incessant mental questing after the means, the imperative and constant means with which to meet his dominant passion, led to a brain-wave that dazzled. *Jewels, Jewels*—in the State pawnshops up and down the land lay unknown quantities of *jewels*. How to get at them; how, rather, to use them, to turn them into crinkling paper millions? After a false start at Orléans, Stavisky got the technique. At Bayonne, bang next to Biarritz whose unlucky gamblers had need to pawn freely, no municipal pawnshop existed. In combination with the Mayor, Stavisky supplied the means to start one. And into it, what more natural than that its sponsor should put accomplices as staff? Thence onward it was easy going. The Bayonne books were made to show jewels pawned at dizzy prices—pure imagination—yet a record on the strength of which that particular State pawnshop was able to issue official bonds (as these pawnshops may do) for hundreds of millions of francs. These fake bonds Stavisky cashed with accomplices in insurance and other companies in Paris. The miracle had been accomplished. Out of nothing—jewels! And from jewels—notes! Undreamt of heights of them. Heights which enabled their creator to move ever more sumptuously and powerfully in that venal Paris world responding to nothing more abjectly than to a show of wealth. Rottenness of victory, call it what you will, Stavisky's millions touched pivotal and "necessary" people in every estate; one pictures the fellow in his ultimate me morphosis fairly tearing out cheques all day and scribbling initials, surnames, or Christian on on the stubs. And desperately knowing e second of the time that it would all end crashin soon unless he could get away with his supplant Hungarian bond remedy—surely he would be a to? So many others, Kreuger, Hatry, Loeu stein, Insull, had covered up in like style? W know what happened. Instead, Stavisky one lay shot to death in a châlet.

In the view of a good many anything that Stavis did recedes beside what others have d since his death, notably the murder of Judge Pr and the arrest of obviously innocent adventur held in police bondage as such. The case has a course without parallel in criminal annals. whole half of the dossier, measuring a metre h has vanished. People have forgotten that Surely the best thing the French could do would to burn every dossier in the land, so useless thievable does the riot of "paperasse" seem to in an emergency!

Even after that metre of dossier had be stolen, the surviving half was committed to a ro in the Bayonne law courts where an attempt made to burgle it, after which they put a man guard on a mattress by night, because there was such thing as a safe. And here were papers u vital to the case that held all France, utterly to the grandiose inquiry allegedly under way capital! Think, also, of Judge Prince able to round Paris and Dijon with *the* transcending pr of guilt under his lone arm. Is it surprising th didn't remain there long? Every Frenchm as far as I can see, convinced that police killed both Stavisky and Prince, the ruling being that the likely men, among the 4,000 and ex-prisoners said to be maintained as info and other things throughout the country, w recruited from the gaming club, "Frolics," sit on the Grands Boulevards and which Stavisky long haunted. Frenchmen seem to be equ convinced that orders to kill emanated m especially from the judiciary and that here, effect, is to be found the heart of that mason Maffia which the Minister of the Interior is exists. Certainly the number of eminent lawy involved is striking, many of them law-makers past Cabinets, as well as law-practisers. There be few things more powerful than this mixture lawyer and law-maker. The Palais de Justice accused rather of having contrived to distor emasculate, and smother the Stavisky affair.

Passing to realm three, the Press has had positive field-day. High-pressure reporting camera persecution, news-reel and broadcastin methods have combined to turn the whole affa into a great circulation stiffener, a daily plat wit out compare, lapped up by flapper and financie alike, when by rights the self-condemning rotte ness that has revealed itself should impel to sus stern and restrained pursuit and punishment even your Nazi might envy. One element fail exasperates. Everyone in the case, high and low,

JEWELS:

A Dramatic Survey of the Stavisky Affair Showing How the Exposure of the Bayonne Frauds Revealed, Much Earlier than would Otherwise have been the Case, the Need for Reform in French Public Life

AND TUOHY

is invariably shown avec le sourire. Oh, that imposed public sourire of current France, the feebleness, the inanity of it! As if anybody had anything to smile about in France to-day. This morning: the Finance Minister, after having docked people of millions, grinning broadly. Apparently in this grotesque Europe one must either grin like a dog or else look like black Hitlerian or Transalpine Hell.

A sprinkling of the Press is doing nobly—Bailby's daily *J' Accuse*, while perhaps not of purest motive, sustains the scandal where it should be held—but the majority of the public prints, implicated or subsidized or both, choose to blur and fifteen times Stavisky's £7,000,000 involved, was worse than this latest pretty business, though I hardly think so. Panama was heavily political. Stavisky poison gained nearly the entire body.

Yet if, under the pressing urge of other events, this historic adventurer and his charming legacy should fade with the passing of boring and silly sentences in the dim hereafter, there have already been tremors from his tomb—tombs—of lasting effect. Without this flash crook there'd have been no Concorde riots, and from those riots are hourly springing new forces and faiths, rebellions and determinations which will eventually mould the New France. The tremendous question is—how? Via revolution and war? Through the first alone? Or, miracle, without violence? Vaguely issue was being joined before Stavisky. So terribly much cried out to be done; the country floundered so antiquatedly and corruptly for all its surface veneer. Those jewels of Bayonne suddenly flashed the light. The moral decay they revealed caused a whole host to feel the sweep of the new tides much earlier than otherwise would have been the case. It seems to me that three distinctive camps are forming. Two are easy of presentation. The Communists are not really strong outside of Paris, Marseilles, Lille, but they are definitely strong in these vital centres whence the powder could fire and fire. M. Bergery, who is trying to form a United Left Front before liberties are dashed away as in other

THE FRENCH PREMIER ON HOLIDAY: Madame Doumergue entertaining her husband

and farcify the picture by wild flights of fancy—such as that Stavisky was a super-spy, or that he had a plan for becoming King of Cayenne—when they are not directing attention agreeably away from themselves on to Parliament and Freemasonry and Parties and Personalities The Grand Lodge of the Orient is having a thin time, as the refuge of so many of the powers-that-be, particularly of the Left. People are saying: "Hitler had his Jews. Mussolini had his Masons. We've got both."

Some may be inclined to sympathize with MM. les Députés of this "Republic of Comrades." On February 6 the Fascist-Communist mob wanted to throw them in the Seine and undoubtedly would have. It looks to me that others involved are too keen on making the people's representatives into scapegoats. You can always attack a deputy. Of course they line their pockets while the lining is good.

It is the devout hope of those in authority that the public may grow tired of the whole case. In that event it may be expected to merge gradually and hazily into a to-morrow set with sterner stuff, such as international crisis and financial and economic impasse. True, M. Doumergue undertook to clean up mystery and stables alike. But, after all, the stout old fellow is obviously going to be up to his neck in other things. The clamour may well die down. The present demand for "bigger heads" than those arrested may peter out. There may be no clean-up. The French can be like that. An awful lot of talk and show of temper. And then, in the upshot, the whole show slipping away under a cynical, knowing, almost half-amused tolerance. France is so old, has seen so much. A good case might be made out that Panama, with 140 deputies lands, has gone on record rather terrifyingly: "There will be bloody revolution before the end of the year. The Right will win. But the Communists will burn Paris."

The Right referred to is Fascist, if one must use that term, but at present it still savours preponderantly of the good old reactionary-religious-armée France we know so well. Youthful enthusiasms lend it a marching-forward note, but I fail to detect much sign of that complete overhaul with the surgeon's knife and planning for to-morrow which one associates with fundamental new stirrings of our day. This brings me to the kernel, to the great loose body of moderate Republicans flooding over in the centre, much the largest camp, and containing peasants, little rentiers, C.G.T. (workers), functionaries, ex-soldiers, little commerçants, and more. Shall this immense heterogeneous mass be sunk by a Right victory? Not so easily as in other lands, that's certain.

These non-extremist millions of French citizens, including nearly all the provinces save the East, are not going to part with liberties wrenched so desperately from privilege in the past without knowing the reason why; and any light provoking of them these growling times would be criminal folly, for we are dealing with a country with revolution in its blood, one that has ever acted quickly, and to see Frenchmen locked in fratricidal murder up and down the land . . . well, what a sight that would be for certain neighbours looking over the wall! Fortunately, hitherto arrogant and vain Paris has latterly discovered that the provinces are great articulate and formative centres now—one has even heard that the Mayor of Bordeaux, M. Marquet, the neo-Socialist in the Government, might be the man to head a new order by breaking away, with his own city as base!

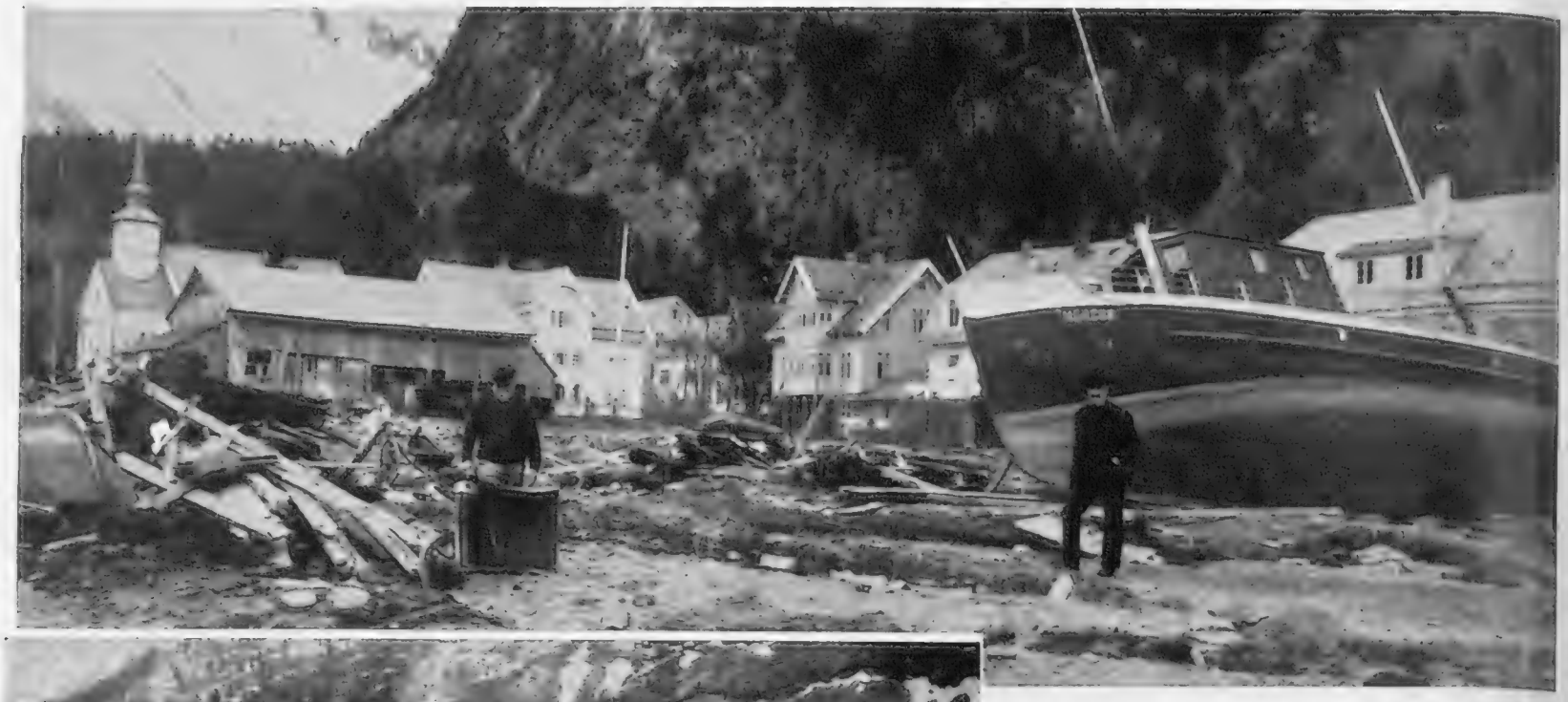
The first test of this central mass is whether it will support M. Doumergue as he seeks to reform the Constitution, and other things, more or less by decree. The Ex-Soldiers will do this on condition that there is a clean up in Government (this powerful body wrote to all the Paris papers asking for clean news, and only one paper printed the request). We shall know by May 1 whether others fall into line too—the sulking functionaries and Jouhaux's workers. "If we pass May Day without revolutionary outbreak," I was told, "Monsieur Doumergue should last all the year. Every week gained now tells against trouble. But should there be preliminary symptoms prior to May 1, don't be surprised to see forces of the Preventive Revolution take the streets."

If May 1 passes unbloodily—every second person tells you differently about it—a very great deal will thereafter depend on whether trade and business and affairs generally pick up. Personally, I believe this to be bedrock. The cities are so hit; it can't go on. The country cannot be ruled for ever for the peasants and the rentiers no matter how important these may be and are in France. There is, officially, £500,000,000 of gold hidden away. We know what a Roosevelt can do about a thing like that. But can a Frenchman follow suit? A vital half of the country is clamouring for another devaluation of the franc—perhaps some mysterious wand-like affair *à la* Czech—without going off gold. I know I tell my French friends this, when their praise of how we kept prices level when the pound slipped, grows embarrassing, "You are now toeing the line in economy cuts as we had to do in 1931. Okay. We also did something else, or had to. And haven't regretted it. Look to your currency. It doesn't have the air of appearing to function."

All this may sound in another world from Stavisky. It isn't, really. We set out to discuss whether those jewels of his would lead to another revolution. It may well be that yes or no will depend, more than anything else, on what France does about her money.

A "SNATCH-SHOT": As M. Venture, one of the men charged with complicity in the murder of Judge Prince, was leaving his house in Paris, a photographer's assistant (foreground), in order to get this picture, snatched the newspaper he was holding in front of his face

EVENTS | *Two Villages in Norway Overwhelmed by Floods — An Easter Service in Armenia — A Peasant Festival in Czecho-Slovakia* | ABROAD



A NORWEGIAN TRAGEDY: A view of one of the two villages near the head of the Korsnaes Fiord, west coast of Norway, which were almost destroyed last week after a great mass of rock had fallen into the water and created three giant waves that swept inland for nearly half a mile. Fifty people were drowned in the flood, and several motor-boats were carried from their moorings and hurled against the houses

NEAR THE VILLAGE OF TAFJORD: The scene of desolation after the recent Norwegian disaster. On the left two wrecked boats and a mass of splintered woodwork can be seen. In this village alone twenty-three lives were lost, while the total damage to property was estimated at over £25,000

CELEBRATING THE PASSING OF WINTER: Peasants in their picturesque national costumes dancing during the festivities at Spa Pistany, Czecho-Slovakia

AN ECHO OF EASTER: The Maundy Thursday ceremony before the altar in the Gregorian Church at Etchmiadzin, Armenia, during which the head priest washed the feet of twelve small boys dressed to represent the Apostles. The altar was adorned with an immense wooden cross and various articles pertaining to the Crucifixion

A JAPANESE CITY DESTROYED

WHERE 140,000 PEOPLE ARE HOMELESS: A few weeks ago a fire broke out in a public bath-house at Hakodate, Island of Yezo, Japan, and, fanned by a 60-m.p.h. gale, soon spread to every quarter of the city, destroying over 20,000 houses and causing the deaths of 700 people. This picture shows some of the inhabitants, well wrapped up against the cold, leaving the scene of the disaster. *Inset on left*—Soldiers searching among the debris for victims

HURRYING TO SAFETY: People leaving the city after it had become apparent that their homes were doomed. Some took refuge on vessels lying in the harbour, but the majority had to remain out in the intense cold. Their plight was partially alleviated by the arrival of four destroyers with food supplies and blankets, while troops also rendered assistance. Hakodate is the largest Japanese city north of Tokyo

IRELAND'S NATIONAL GAME

ONE OF THE FASTEST AND MOST THRILLING GAMES IN THE WORLD: Two players fighting for the ball during a hurling match

STRIKING THE BALL OFF: The start of a game

STICKS UP: In hurling it is permissible to raise the stick high above the shoulder, as the game is played both on the ground and in the air

DEFENDING THE GOAL: A match in progress in a Dublin park

PATCHING UP A PLAYER: Minor accidents, resulting from clumsy play, are frequent in matches between the less skilled teams

POISE: One respect in which hurling differs from hockey is that the players may catch the ball

The Ancient Sport of Hurling

By P. JEROME WILLIS

Hurling, the oldest ball game in the British Isles, has come into its own during the last few years in Ireland. It has of recent years been mainly confined to the Gaelic Leaguers, a body who are pledged to preserving Ireland's ancient games.

To-day the number of clubs throughout Ireland is 1,588, an increase of 50 per cent. since 1924. Schools and colleges are taking to the game keenly, and the Irish Free State Army has its own fifteen. Even London boasts of fifteen hurling teams, while there are five in Liverpool and four in Manchester.

It is difficult to trace the exact origin of the game, but it is mentioned often in ancient Irish literature and folk-lore and probably goes back as far as the second century.

In some parts of Ireland it has been played continuously for hundreds of years by people who knew not nor cared for any other ball game. It was revived and organized in 1884 by the Gaelic Association, and since then it has grown steadily.

Previous to the War it was still mainly confined to the Gaelic Leaguers, while Rugby and Association football fought for supremacy in the schools and colleges.

To-day even Belvidere College, Dublin, which is noted for its "rugger" men, is turning out a regular hurling fifteen. The National University are also keen hurlers.

Played with a ball something like the hockey ball, only a little lighter, and a stick from which the hockey stick owes its birth, it is a wildly exciting game that appeals to the national temperament.

Like Rugby football, it is more fast-moving than Association football, and played between posts shaped like a capital aitch. Also there are fifteen players to a team. Substitutes may be brought in in case of accidents.

Relics of the game may be found at present in Cornwall where it is played with a silver ball, and in Scotland where it is played with twelve players and termed "shinty."

Actually it is more dangerous than hockey, for the ball is played a great deal off the ground.

A goal has to be scored underneath the crossbar and a point is gained by the ball passing between the posts, at any height over the crossbar—similar to a try conversion in Rugby.

It is a hard game played at a tremendous pace and calls for a great deal of endurance, although the time of play is only one hour. The hurler is the real Irishman, who has stuck to his native sports and language despite all opposition. Attuned to his temperament, he plays the game with every ounce of his energy and is prepared to take all the hard knocks that come his way.

It was not in the pre-War years a game for the rich and leisured classes in Ireland, and an indication of this might be seen in the fact that most big games were played on Sunday. Players were prepared to travel from one end of Ireland to the other to participate and were prepared to save up their expenses for the sake of the game.

It was mostly a game for those who worked hard for their living, so hard that they could not afford a half-holiday on Saturday. And there is no professional side to the game.

There is a greater camaraderie among hurlers than most other sportsmen in the world, for it is a definite proof of nationality. All sorts of people call themselves Irishmen, either through birth or parental qualification, but to the hurler there is only one Irishman, the man who has stuck to his native games and is proud of them.

The hurler will remain unmoved if you tell him you have gained a football "cap" for Ireland, or that your father's name is O'Rooney or O'Toole; but mention the magic word "hurley," he will take you to his arms and stand you a stout and another stout, until you learn that he has as big a thirst as a heart.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, where she inspected the wall paintings in the Lady Chapel which have recently been restored by Professor Tristram. Her Majesty is seen with the Dean of Winchester, the Very Rev. E. Selwyn

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE LORD LOVAT: The Hon. Magdalen Fraser, whose marriage to the Earl of Eldon took place at Brompton Oratory on April 10. On her head she is wearing a shawl of Venetian point lace

ENGAGED: Miss H. Woolworth McCann, granddaughter of the founder of the Woolworth fortune, who is to marry Mr. Winston Churchill Guest

THE GAY CRITIC: Mr. A. P. Herbert, whose latest book is a scathing indictment of the divorce laws, speaking at Foyle's Literary Luncheon at Grosvenor House

"THE BYSTANDER" SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES TOURNAMENT AT WENTWORTH: Miss A. de Montmorency and Miss M. Peech, winners of the cup for the best scratch score over 36 holes. They returned a total of 144

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK at the wedding of the Earl of Eldon and the Hon. Magdalen Fraser

TWO GIANT

THE NEW 36-IN. REFLECTING TELESCOPE AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, which, together with the spacious building in which it is housed, has been presented by Mr. William Johnston Yapp in recognition of the work of Sir Frank Dyson as Astronomer Royal. In this picture the observer is seen using the guiding telescope with which he is able to correct small errors in the larger, clockwork-actuated instrument

These pictures of the new Greenwich telescope have been specially taken for THE SPHERE *by William Davis and A. Console and are reproduced here by courtesy of Dr. H. Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal*

A MODERN MECHANICAL
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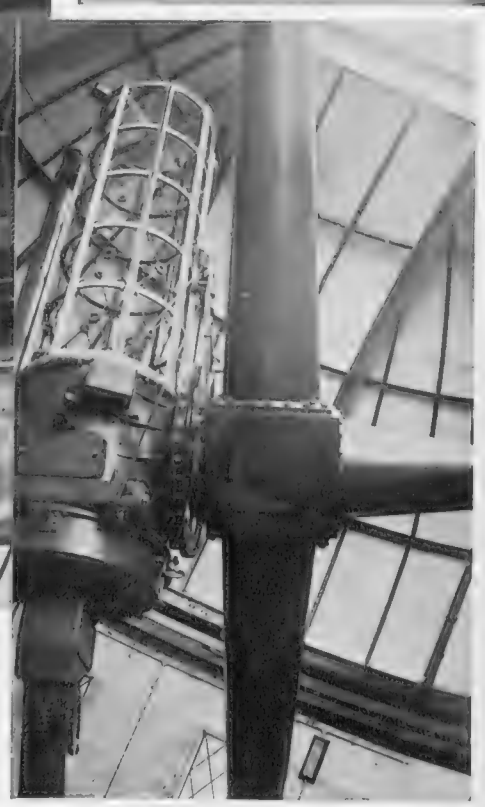

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE YAPP TELESCOPE AT GREENWICH showing the long polar axis—placed parallel to the earth's axis—about which the instrument turns

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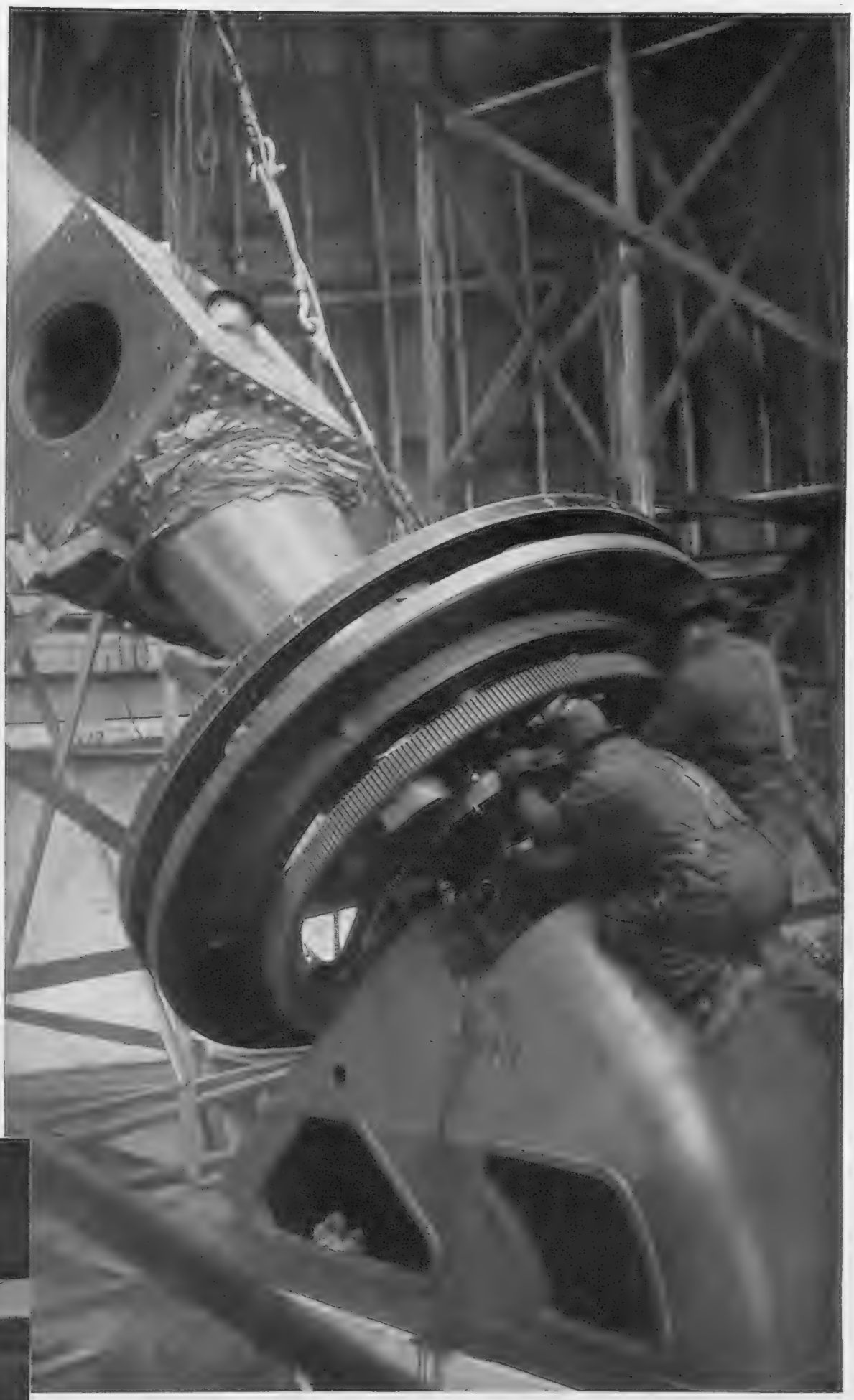
TELESCOPES

AL MARVEL: new Greenwich been built by oward Grubb, Newcastle-on- he instrument the part of bservation by d clockwork. axis turning to compensate rotation. The or use in what in form, which g advantages ysis of spectra



THE SECOND LARGEST IN THE WORLD: The new David Dunlap Memorial telescope now being erected at Richmond Hill, near Toronto, Canada. (A full description of this instrument appears below)

G SPECTRO advances have ent years in f the spectra es of celestial nstrument at used to deter- tures of the o make photo- he spectra. A ses down the by the great to a focus. In ght is concen t is then made a secondary a prism, and he spectrum. graphed by a ough a reflect f in the usual

It comes as a surprise to discover in Canada, this new country, in an isolated spot aloof on a hill-top in the midst of a pasture field, a magnificent telescope, the finest in the British Empire—finer far than anything in England; exceeded, indeed, by only one other in the world, that on Mount Wilson, California. Yet this is what one finds to-day on Richmond Hill, fifteen miles north of Toronto, as he motors north on Yonge Street, that great artery of traffic which John Graves Simcoe, Canada's first Governor, cut through the bush, and which leads direct from the Queen City to that modern Aladdin's Cave, the rich mining region of Northern Ontario. The new David Dunlap Memorial telescope, which has been under construction for the last three years, is nearing completion. The administration building, of cut stone, is practically finished. The steel dome, 61 ft. in diameter, complete to the last word in equipment, which houses the telescope, is finished. The tube itself is installed. And the grinding of the great mirror—a long job; it must be correct to one-millionth of an inch—which has been in progress for many months, is well advanced. The opening event is scheduled for this autumn.

An interesting but odd-looking affair, this telescope. With its mighty muzzle pointing to heaven—the tube is 30 ft. in length, nearly 7 ft. in diameter, and wide open at the top—at first sight it suggests a huge trench mortar, ready with a bomb in its throat to belch forth death and destruction on the beautiful city lying below. But this iron tube harbours no menace; far otherwise. In the very bottom of it lies the great mirror, face up, reflecting a circle of sky, jewel-like in its almost impossible beauty. It is about this costly treasure of a mirror that all the delicate machinery and expensive plant of this, the world's newest observatory, centres.

The mirror of the new telescope is 74 in. in width and nearly a foot in thickness. It is of Pyrex glass, a type of glass with a high silica content. Observations with a telescope must always be made through

(Continued on p. 124)

STUDYING THE SUN

In Calcium Light

PLATE 1.—The largest sunspot ever photographed at Greenwich Observatory. This spot (which could be easily seen without a telescope when the sun's disc was dimmed by mist or artificially with a dark glass) had an area of 4,000 millions of square miles and lasted in its various stages of development for nearly three months. The great calcium eruption depicted in plate 2 was in the same region. Among its various spheres of work, Greenwich Observatory has maintained a complete record of the life histories of sunspots since the year 1874

The study of the sun occupies an important place in astronomical work. Firstly, because the sun is the controlling body of the solar system and supplies light and heat to the earth and its fellow-planets. Secondly, because the sun is one of the stars and near enough to the earth to permit of its being studied in detail. Thirdly, because the sun as a celestial laboratory enables astronomers to study the behaviour of matter under conditions of pressure and temperature not accessible in our laboratories.

It is the second aspect which is illustrated by the accompanying three pictures of the sun. An ordinary photograph of the sun (Plate 1) taken with a telescope will show sunspots and bright areas in their proximity. A study of a series of daily photographs, such as is collected at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, will provide information concerning the development of individual spots; the cycle of activity through which the sun passes in about eleven years; and the rate at which the sun turns on its axis.

Much of the observational work done to-day in our solar observatories is concerned, however, not with the sun's light as a whole (integrated light), but with highly selective portions of it (monochromatic light). For instance, photographs 2 and 3 were obtained by means of an instrument called the spectroheliograph, that isolates light radiated from any given element (in this case ionized calcium), and produces a picture of the sun in that given element. A simple analogy will readily occur to the reader: just as we "tune in" our wireless sets to hear a particular station emitting waves of particular wavelengths, so the astronomer may "tune in" with his optical instruments to the sun or stars and study the "wireless" messages of light that come from them. A calcium or a hydrogen picture of the sun will show bright clouds overhanging the regions of sunspots and dark clouds in various parts of the disc. At the edge of the sun prominences will be recorded. It will be seen from our illustration (Plate 3) that the dark clouds on the disc are another aspect of the prominences seen at the sun's edge.

Plate 2 depicts a phenomenon on the sun which is of particular interest in connection with large disturbances of the earth's magnetic field known as "magnetic storms." For many years it has been recognized that a relationship exists between the sun's activity and the earth's magnetism. A spectacular demonstration of a relationship is sometimes shown by coincidences (more frequent than can be ascribed to chance) between big sunspots near the centre of the sun's disc and magnetic storms that may be accompanied by displays of auroræ.

But magnetic storms, mainly those of lesser intensity, sometimes occur without the appearance of a sunspot, so that the sunspot itself cannot be the initial cause. It appears, however, that if the initial solar disturbance succeeds in producing a big magnetic storm on the earth it usually succeeds in producing a big sunspot also. In what manner can the astronomer attempt to locate these initial solar disturbances that seem without doubt to produce magnetic storms and sunspots and yet elude his means of observation? It is in this connection that the bright eruptions (Plate 2) are suspect and should be watched for. A few years ago Professor E. A. Milne of Oxford developed a theory of the sun's outer atmosphere from which it appeared that high-speed particles would be emitted from regions fluctuating rapidly in brightness. During the last few months, this theory of the sun's atmosphere has been extended by Dr. S. Chandrasekhar of Cambridge.

Owing largely to the initiative and inventive genius of Dr. Hale, the Hon. Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, California, a world-chain of observatories, including Greenwich and Cambridge in this country, have each been equipped with a small but powerful instrument that is especially useful in locating sudden eruptions on the sun. This instrument, the spectro-helioscope, is of Dr. Hale's own design and enables the observer to view the sun in light of various wavelengths (though usually the red light of hydrogen is employed) and to measure readily the velocities of masses of gas moving in the line of sight. As a fresh eleven-year cycle of solar activity is just about to commence, solar observatories the world over will continue intensively and by international co-operation their study of the sun on every fine day.

It is a cosmic step from the sun, with its changing features that suggest something of the hurly-burly of atoms, electrons, and ether waves in its interior, to the relatively tiny and inert satellite of the earth. The solid surface of the moon provides, however, a happy exploring ground to the amateur astronomer with his modest telescope as well as to the large observatories which can obtain the large-scale photographs. The alternative as to whether the lunar craters are volcanic in origin or have been caused by the impact of large meteorites is a perennial source of dispute between lunar observers, and though in recent years the meteoritic hypothesis has gained adherents the question is by no means settled. Three or four years ago M. Lyot, of the Paris Observatory, published the results of observations made with a polariscope which lend considerable probability to the view that the surface of the moon is covered with a thin layer of volcanic ash. Another interesting line of research has been pursued by Dr. W. H. Wright, at the Lick Observatory, by taking photographs of the moon through different colour filters. In particular, these results confirm that there is no atmosphere on the moon.

H. W. N.

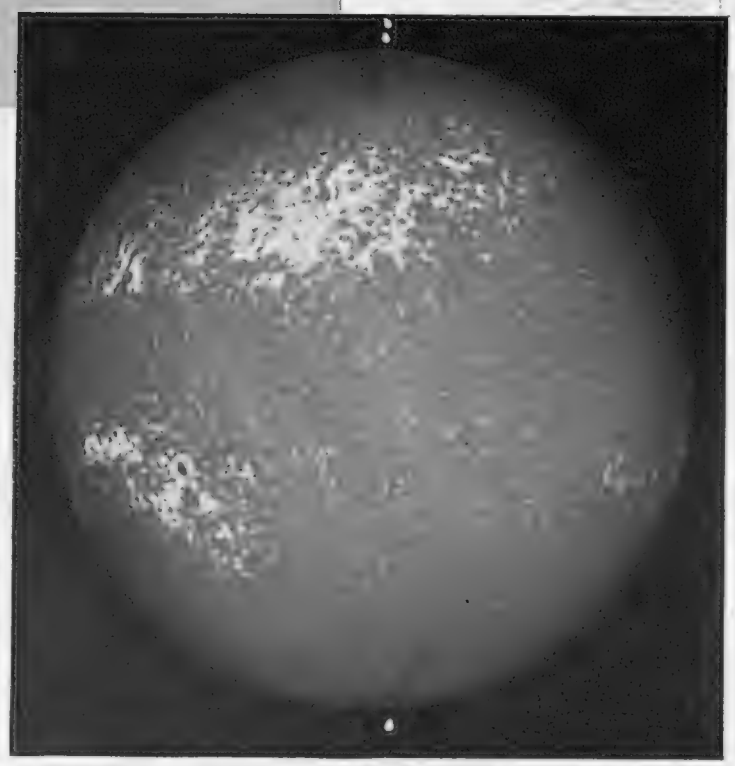
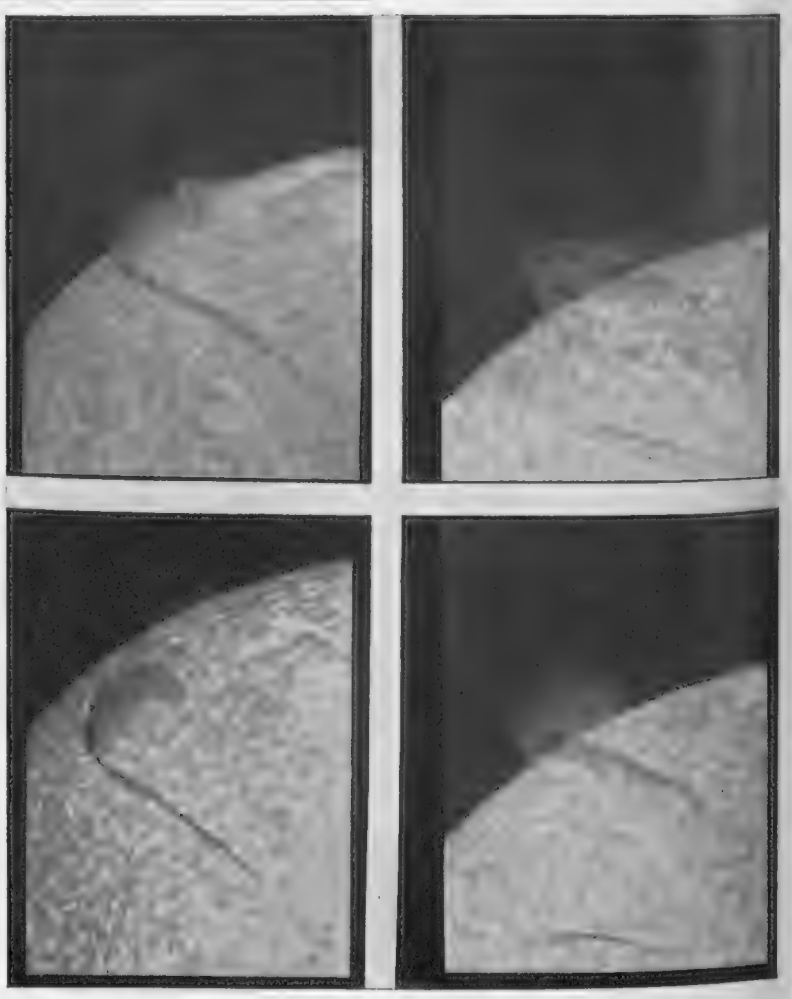


PLATE 2.—A picture taken in calcium light showing a vast eruption in progress on the sun's surface. A magnetic storm, possibly brought about by streams of electrified particles ejected from this disturbed area of the sun and intercepted by the earth, occurred 26 hours later as shown by delicate instruments recording the earth's magnetic field. This spectroheliogram was taken at the Solar Observatory at Kodaikanal, S. India

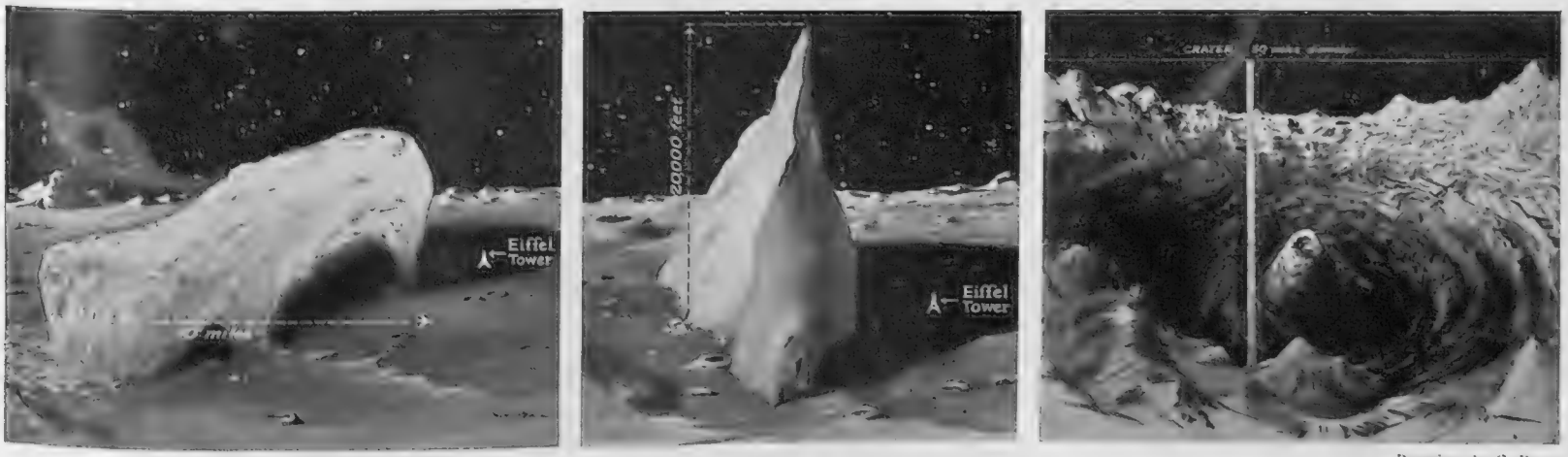


On right — PLATE 3. — Four pictures taken in monochromatic light of the element, calcium. This element extends far outwards into the highly attenuated parts of the sun's atmosphere and, together with a few other elements, composes the vast but rarefied flame-like prominences. These remarkable pictures were taken with a "Spectroheliograph" at the Solar Observatory of Meudon, near Paris, and show a large prominence being brought by the sun's rotation from a profile view, at the edge of the sun, on to the disc where it appears as a dark marking

THE MOON

By courtesy of the Mount Wilson Observatory, California

THE LUNAR CRATER COPERNICUS which, on account of its size, its numerous companion craterlets, and its system of radiating streaks, is one of the most interesting objects on the moon. This picture was taken with the 100-in. reflector which is installed at a height of 6,000 ft. on Mount Wilson, California. When it is realized that the moon is nearly 240,000 miles distant from the earth, the wealth of detail depicted here must be regarded as remarkable



Drawings by G. Bron

STRANGE LUNAR OBJECTS REVEALED BY THE MOUNT WILSON TELESCOPE: The force of gravity of the moon is considerably less than that of the earth, and it is not unusual to see mountains, such as that shown on the left, with an enormous overhang. On the earth they would collapse immediately. *Centre*—A GIGANTIC PEAK NEAR CASSINI: Another oddly shaped structure on the moon. *Right*—THE GREAT CRATER OF ARISTILLUS which is over two miles deep and about fifty miles wide

THE INTERIOR OF THE GLOBE THEATRE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME: Note the placard stating the scene that is being played, and the special stage seats for important personages

SHAKESPEARE THE BOOKMAN

A Legal Document which Shows that he was the Possessor of a Library and Challenges the Theory, Held by the Baconians, that he was Illiterate

Was William Shakespeare, the actor, a man of letters, or to use another term, a bookman? Baconians would have us believe that this actor-fellow was not adequately equipped for the writing of the famous plays, that he was the son of a butcher at Stratford-on-Avon, that he received only a country grammar-school education, and that he retired to his birthplace and conducted himself merely as a country burgher, finally dying in not very dignified circumstances, and bequeathing only his second-best bed to the wife with whom he disagreed. Where was the evidence to disprove this picture?

Stratfordians, who maintain that William Shakespeare the actor, and William Shakespeare the poet and playwright, are one and the same person, have been gradually piecing together evidence of a documentary nature, showing that the Baconian portrait is a caricature, where it is not altogether false. One of the latest discoveries proves that William Shakespeare, the citizen of Stratford-on-Avon and owner of New Place, was not the mere comfortably-retired person the Baconians would have us suppose. These documents take us within his actual residence in Stratford, and tell us that he possessed a study and books.

This interesting information is clearly set out in a series of documents recently discovered in the Record Office by Mr. Frank Marcham, in which Susanna Hall, the daughter of William Shakespeare, and Thomas Nash, her son-in-law, complain of the action of two bailiffs breaking into Susanna's father's house and invading his "studdy." and taking thence certain "bookes" and "boxes" as payment of a debt of £77. Here, in the year 1637, we have evidence that New Place still preserved the great playwright's books in the room in which he had kept them. The document reads:—"and the said Bayliffes did then and there breake open the doores and studdy of the said house and Rashlye seize upon and take Divers bookes, boxes," etc.

In another part of the document Mrs. Hall says:—"... they doo Contynue their habitacion in the messuage in Stratford aforesaid wherein the said John Hall lyved and Died". (New Place).

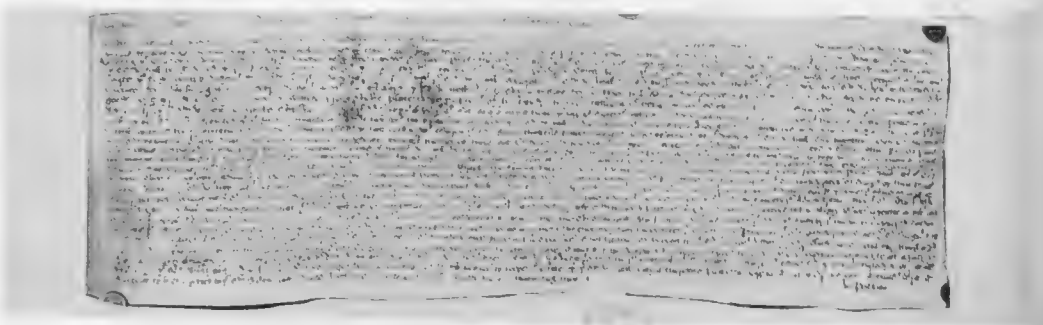
Another point has been raised concerning the manuscripts of many of the world-famous plays. What became of them? Did Shakespeare keep any of these by him, or did they become lost or left behind in the move from London to Stratford? The fire at the Globe Theatre might have destroyed some of these priceless documents, but where were the rest? Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society, has put forward an ingenious theory that a number of them were stored away at New Place, Stratford, during the life of Shakespeare's widow. He points out that the great folio edition of the plays was published in the year 1623 and that Mrs. Shakespeare (née Anne Hathaway) died in the same year. Her death, on August 6, is recorded at Stratford. The printers, Isaac Blount and William Jaggard, registered their great folio volume of Shakespeare's plays on November 8 of the same year. Dr. Appleton Morgan puts it to the Shakespearean student that Mrs. Shakespeare, a new religionist, frowned upon everything connected with the stage and had retained possession of certain MSS. of the plays which, upon her decease, became available to the beloved friends of the "Swan of Avon."

The very latest Shakespearean word comes from Captain William Jaggard of the Shakespeare Press, Stratford-on-Avon, and author of a valuable Shakespeare bibliography. He has been lured, like so many previous writers, to attempt to fill in the tantalizing gap in the playwright's life—the years between his leaving his wife and three young children at Stratford and the appearance of his first play in 1591 or 1592. There are here some seven or eight years to fill in with inference and oblique evidence, for there are no documented facts to help us.

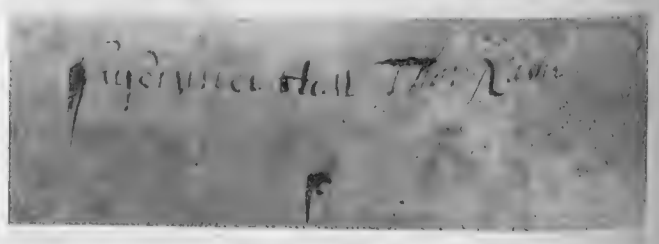
Captain Jaggard, in his new volume, *Shakespeare, Once a Printer and Bookman*, a limited edition of 450 copies, seeks to establish a theory that Shakespeare entered a printing works and thereby gained an intimate knowledge of the terminology of such a business.

A large part of the volume is devoted to quotations from the text of the plays wherein the author sees evidence of a special knowledge. He may not convince the student any more than any other of such attempts, but no volume discussing the plays is without interest, and the references to Shakespeare's friend, Richard Field, also a Stratford youth, and eventually publisher of Shakespeare's early poems, are worthy of special note.

THE BILL SUBMITTED TO SHAKESPEARE'S DAUGHTER BY BALDWYN BROOKES claiming the sum of £77 as payment for goods supplied



THE DOCUMENT AUTHORIZING ANTHONY SMITH AND EDWARD RAWLINS TO ENTER SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, and to take away goods sufficient to meet a debt owing to Baldwyn Brookes, a mercer of Stratford-on-Avon



A COMPLAINT BY SUSANNA HALL REGARDING THE HIGH-HANDED TREATMENT OF THE BAILIFFS "who did then and there breake open the doores and studdy of the said house and Rashlye seize upon and take Divers bookes." As this was Shakespeare's house it is reasonable to assume that the books were his property. *Right*—The signature of Susanna Hall appended to the letter of complaint

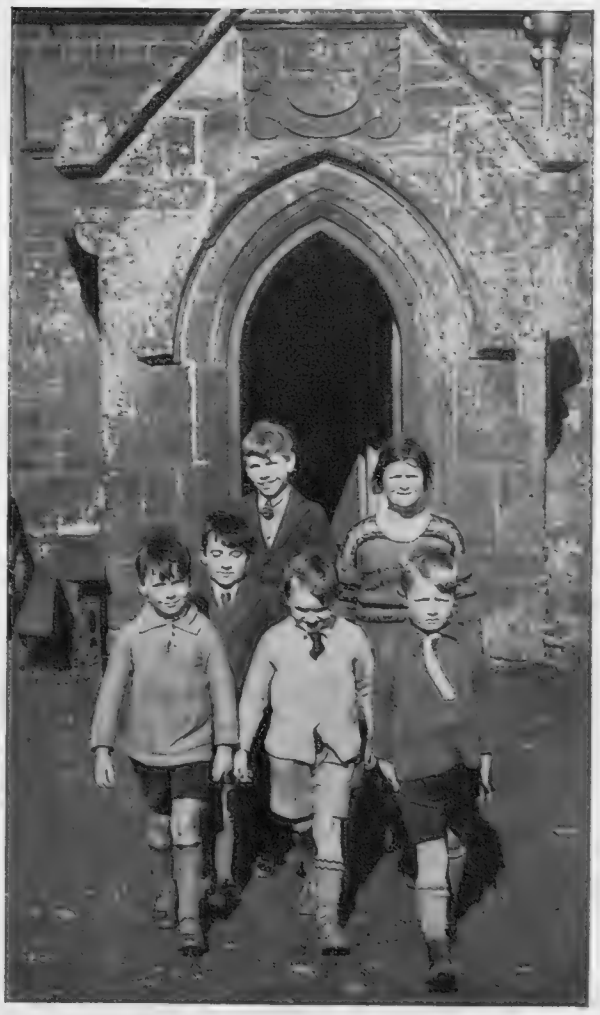
PICTURES FROM THE PROVINCES

A HOUSE WITH A ROMANTIC PAST: Having been restored to its original condition after months of labour, the historic seventeenth-century mansion on the Sandhill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, from which Bessy Surtees eloped in 1772 with her lover, John Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon, provides an appropriate setting for a remarkable loan exhibition of North Country and Border treasures. This picture was taken in the Georgian room and shows a lady wearing a costume of the period

THE OLD HOUSE IN NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE where the loan exhibition is being held. The North Country and the Border Country have been searched for historic relics, with the result that there has been gathered under one roof a collection that is stated to be worth £50,000. Sir Fergus Graham of Cumberland has lent the Bible which Charles I carried with him to the scaffold, while Mr. E. G. Collingwood has contributed the telescope, chronometer, and swords of Admiral Collingwood

THE ROOM FROM WHICH BESSY SURTEES ELOPED WITH JOHN SCOTT IN 1772: At this time Scott contemplated taking Holy Orders, but abandoned the project on gaining the hand of Elizabeth Surtees, daughter of a wealthy Newcastle banker. The girl's parents would not countenance the marriage, however, so, on the night of November 18, 1772, the couple eloped by an upper storey window. They were married in Scotland and, on re-crossing the border, were forgiven. Their union was re-solemnized in Newcastle in the following June

Left—THE ANNUAL HOCK-DAY FESTIVAL, which is held on the second Tuesday after Easter at Hungerford, Berkshire, dates from the Middle Ages. The principal feature is the election of two "Tutti Men," who parade the town with flower-bedecked poles and claim a kiss from every woman they meet. Defaulters pay a fine of one penny



ONE OF THE OLDEST AND SMALLEST SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND: Six of the seven pupils who attend Adstone School, Northamptonshire. On the grounds of economy an effort was made recently to close the building

MOINA AND MOK: Two famous gorillas at the London Zoo who, according to Mr. Graves, live at the rate of £8 a week. They are very partial to a bottle of port or stout

COSMO

The Zoo is always topical, but it becomes more topical than ever once a year when the Annual Report comes out, as has occurred this week. The Zoological Gardens opened 106 years ago next week. In their century of existence they have received no aid from any public funds, and they have had to pay rent and rates just as if they were an institution run for private profit. Their income has been derived from two main sources—gate money paid by the public, and the subscriptions of Fellows. Last year the subscriptions amounted to £21,000, and the admissions to about £58,000 if one includes the admissions to the aquarium, and also the admission fees of the Fellows. Other minor additions to the income include £2,600 for the ride receipts (elephants, camels, and so on), and £546 from the automatic feeding machines (largely for the sea lions). These feeding machines have proved a great boon. Sea lions eat an incredible amount of fish, and it was genius on the part of the authorities to let the public pay, and enjoy paying, to help to do it themselves. One notes with regret, however, the retirement on pension of the head sea lion attendant. Old Bill must miss him.

One of the questions I have always wanted to put, and have at last succeeded in putting is: Who gives the animals in the Zoo their names? The reply is that in two cases out of three the privilege is granted as a favour to the regular visitors, with the permission of the keepers. The remaining third are named by the keepers themselves. These regulars run into hundreds. Some, like the Wolf Man, go there every day of their lives and spend at least two hours, usually with a particular species. On Good Friday a baby zebra was born. The keeper was going to call her Friday, but then one of the regulars, Mr. Thoms (a bank manager, I fancy), pointed out that Friday is a man's name, and so the zebra filly is now officially named Freda. The next time you go to the Zoo, have a look at her She is full of the spring.

The keepers, who number 120, do not always know the names of even their most regular visitors, and so they give them nicknames like "Apple Green" and "Veily" and "Whiskers." In the cat house—the correct name for the lions' and tigers' home—the regulars include Cyril Shields the conjuror, Captain Middleton, Messrs. Prince, Fletcher, and Saunders (a sub-editor on the staff of the *News-Chronicle*), and Miss Callow. Until his death recently, Colonel Richardson was so regular a visitor that both a lion and a tiger were named after his two boys, Peter Neil and Alistair. All told, there are sixteen lions and six tigers. The greatest character among them is Jock, the Lion Who Likes Publicity. Jock is never happy unless there is a crowd near him, and if he sees a photographer he immediately gets his head in profile. When they sent him down to Whipsnade last year he "properly got the hump," to quote Horace, the attendant. In fact, he became so morbid and felt so disturbed at his apparent lack of drawing power that he had to be brought back to the Zoological Gardens. The grandfather of all the lions is Abdullah, who is over fifteen years old. The worst character is the oddly named Cecil ("He is a fair ——," says Horace).

One peculiar thing about all the lions and the tigers is that if they see a keeper or attendant in Zoo uniform who does not belong to their department, they go raging mad. They think he is an impostor and not entitled to his uniform. Curiously, they are perfectly able to distinguish between all the other uniforms—naval and military, for example—and those of the Zoo attendants. Another odd point about them is that the manure of a lion is so strong that it will kill anything it is put on—even a cactus. This is a pity because the beautiful flower-gardens at the Zoo are largely manured with the local by-products. A final note about Cecil. He is the one lion who will not pose, if he can help it, for the photographer. All the others do.

Monkeys also like publicity, but hate being laughed at. Jimmie, the chimpanzee, was spinning himself round with a large hunk of straw, when the crowd started to laugh as I walked by. Walter Leney, the overseer who was taking me round, said, "Wait a moment. Jimmie is going to get mad. He will go on spinning himself, then you will see him crash his fist against the door and then rush at the railings between him and the crowd. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when Jimmie did so. At the same time it must be remembered that monkeys get very gloomy in the winter when few people come round to see them.

Of course the high spot of the Zoo to-day is undoubtedly the gorilla house where Mok and Moina live at the rate of £8 a week. These gorillas are given bottles of stout and port when they feel seedy; while porridge and chicken and sugar candy appear on their menu almost every day. It is quite uncanny how they reason things out, unlike the chimpanzees who are purely imitators. They have a fountain in their cage which will only work when pressure is applied to the knob on top. They discovered this within five minutes of their arrival. Now when Moina wants to wash her arms she sits on the fountain. Otherwise she just pur-

SUMBA THE DRAGON: He hails has been very gloomy

A HANDFUL: Fox cubs who look more like fat rats

MOTHER AND CHILD

OLIS of the ANIMAL WORLD

The London Zoo—Its Regular Patrons, its Inhabitants, and its Inner Workings Described

By CHARLES GRAVES

hand on it. Despite their size, Moina is only nine and Mok is only six. They are so devoted to each other that the keepers are convinced that if one of them died the other would. When they were being moved from their former quarters to the new gorilla house, Moina was taken first. Mok burst into floods of tears, and when a few minutes later he was taken into the gorilla house, the pair of them hugged each other for five minutes. So fond are they of each other that actually a window has had to be built in the partition between their two sleeping quarters. Incidentally, Moina has managed to steal four of her keeper's official caps which, after placing on her head for a few moments, she has torn to ribbons. Both of them hate going to bed, and the only way to make them is to lure them into their sleeping quarters with a bunch of grapes.

Another high light of the Zoo to-day is Sumba, the dragon. Without doubt he is the origin of the mythical Chinese dragon, although his home is in the Dutch East Indies. Sumba is very gloomy because his companion has recently died. But it does not now prevent his eating, although he was off his food at first. It is well worth watching him being fed, which happens at 3 o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays. He swallows eggs whole like a pill, and also swallows pigeons with their feathers on, and rabbits with their fur. Then he remains motionless for a couple of days. Not that he has not got very powerful teeth, as the scarred wrist of his attendant demonstrates.

Personally, I do not care for birds, but I had hoped to see the crested grebe and the white Asiatic crane, the oldest inhabitant of the Zoo. The old crane, however, who was at least thirty-three years old, died in the winter, and so did the crested grebe. The latter, kittiwakes, albatrosses, frigate birds, and puffins are apparently impossible to acclimatize in this country. It is the same with baby Polar bears. Oddly enough, London is too cold for them. Leney assures me that the warmth inside the snow huts built by the Polar bears in their original home is considerable. Which reminds me, Sam, the Polar bear, feels the spring like everybody else, but, unlike humans, he has two wives. The result is that at this time of year he has to be fed extra portions of fat to keep him fit.

from the Dutch East Indies and, of late, because his companion has died

ONE OF THE "REGULARS": The keepers call him the Wolf Man and nearly every day he spends an hour or two in one or other of the cages. He is devoted to the wolves, which would probably attack any other man

At the present minute there are, without counting fish and invertebrates, 3,759 animals in the Gardens. Most people do not realize, however, how their population changes from week to week. Thus, in 1933, 929 were presented to the Zoo, 569 were purchased, 123 were deposited there, 209 were exchanged, and 251 were born. Among the births recorded in November and December were a Barbary wild sheep, two nylghaie, two hog deer, one brown capuchin monkey, and one scimitar-horned oryx, all of which are alive.

What may seem very ordinary in comparison with these exotic animals, and yet most interesting to scientists, has been the successful rearing of three ordinary English fox cubs. They arrived one day old, and it is said to be impossible to bring them up when taken from their mother as early as that. The reason for this is that few people take the pains to sponge them all over—eyes, nose, mouth, and so on—as the mother would do with her tongue. Yes, I gather it is a great achievement. They are now five weeks old.

But I must talk of the Wolf Man. Mr. Spens Steuart must be pointed to regularly by believers in the transmigration of souls as an example of their creed. With his hook-nose and pointed beard you could well believe that he was a wolf himself in a previous existence. This, I may say, he will take as the greatest possible compliment. He is devoted to these supposedly treacherous animals. Every day for two hours in the morning he romps with them, although they would pull any other man down. He even goes to Whipsnade and runs in the woods with them. It is true that he wears rust-coloured overalls over his ordinary clothes, but they never get torn, apparently. He assured me that he can understand their language and that they can understand him. He will carry a full-grown timber wolf in his arms and it will lick his face as though it were a puppy. Yes, you should certainly go and see him some morning at half-past nine or ten.

How is it that the animals in the Zoo keep so marvellously fit? The authorities are very coy about their medicine chest, and also about the sanatorium. But this one can say, the lions and tigers are given a handful of grass every week. That is all they need to keep them fit, except an occasional dose of camomile. Cod liver oil is given fairly regularly to the monkeys, but primarily it is the clever dieting that keeps them all in such good condition; and the glossiness of the two young tigers in the cat house is sufficient proof of their excellent condition.

Beautifully marked Grevy zebra

"BEWARE OF HIS ECHOING GROWL": One of the Zoo's sixteen lions

Nowadays the keepers need to be very keen on their work, if only because of the regulars, who spend their time reading about their particular favourites. "When I was in the cat house," Leney said to me, "many big-game hunters came along and told me their experiences. I took it all in; and the nice part about it was that I was paid 1s. for listening to them. With the big cats and, in fact, all so-to-speak dangerous animals, the one thing you must not do if you go into the cage is to show any sign of fear. The best thing is to look away from them. If you look at them they think you are going to do something and that makes them nervous. One of the bravest men I knew was a Canadian. His name was Major Caulfield. You may remember George, the mandrill. He was a

(*Continued on p. 122*)

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